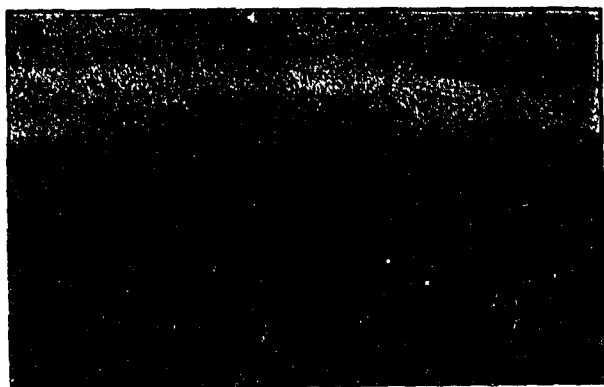


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# RETRACING THE OLD TRAIL



By  
GERALD WILLOUGHBY

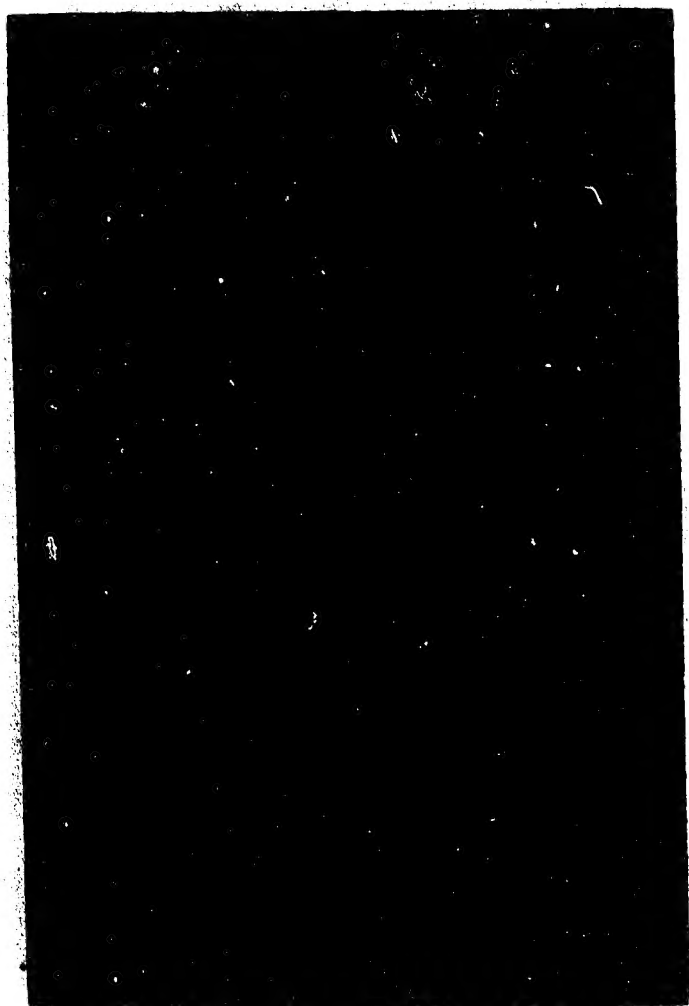


# FOREWORD

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**G**ERALD WILLOUGHBY was among the first citizens of Saskatoon, not alone in point of time,—he was of the pioneers who founded this community,—but also in public esteem, nay in the affections of his townsmen. I think of him, gallant and adventurous soul that he was, as, better than any other, embodying the Saskatoon spirit, that ever triumphs over difficulties. He found an inner passionate joy in life. He was proud of Saskatoon. None knew it better. He came home to us to celebrate our Jubilee. These sketches which we all read with fond eagerness were,—alas!—his valedictory.

EDMUND H. OLIVER,  
Principal of St. Andrews' College,  
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan.



# Retracing the Old Trail



A group of old-timers from the Saskatchewan Valley sat chatting one evening not so long ago in the rotunda of the Royal Alexandra in Winnipeg. They were enjoying a right good time swapping reminiscences.

During the evening several strangers were introduced into the party. These became, for the most part, interested listeners. Finally one of the old-timers remarked, "I bought the first grain ever grown in that vast territory lying north of Moose Jaw and south of Prince Albert." "And I," replied one of the strangers, "received the first wheat ever shipped from the west into Port Arthur. We moved the entire shipment in a wheelbarrow."

In 1928 the west produced five hundred and forty-six million bushels of wheat, to which tremendous total the Saskatchewan Valley contributed one hundred and thirty million bushels. Today at Port Arthur and Fort William there is elevator room for eighty-six million bushels of grain, while at Churchill can be housed another two million and a half and on the Pacific coast there is elevator space for fourteen million bushels: A far cry from the wheelbarrow days! And most of the men who sat chatting in the Royal Alexandra that evening are still on the sunny side of sixty.

In the early morning of an April day in 1883 a train of cars loaded with settlers effects pulled into what was then the shack town but is now the thriving city of Moose Jaw. The men of the party had made the trip from the east in the cars along with the stock, the implements and the general effects. The women and children had traveled in colonist cars attached to the end of the train.

The day was bitter cold. A driving wind bit into one's very vitals. Such accommodation as the town afforded was beyond the pockets of these new arrivals who had invested their all in the contents of the cars. The women and children waited in comparative comfort on the train while the men made all speed to set up tents for the shelter of themselves and families. Shortly a miniature white city had sprung up. Sheet iron stoves within the tents provided a

degree of warmth and cheer. These arrangements completed, the women proceeded to the preparation of breakfast.

Then came the unloading of the cars. First the stock, hard to handle because of the cold and their new and strange surroundings. Followed the implements and household goods.

Now the setting up and loading of the wagons. It was no small job to adjust and secure these loads against the jolting of the rough roads they were to travel—one hundred and sixty miles to the South Saskatchewan river. But by nightfall the task was done. After an early supper these weary travelers settled down for the night. Tomorrow would begin the great adventure.

By daylight the camp was astir, the horses watered, fed, and harnessed. Breakfast over, the tents dropped and with the bed-rolls, securely packed away, it only remained to inspan the teams. The party was ready to trek.

Sam Guest and George Grant now took charge. These men had spent the previous summer prospecting the country of the Saskatchewan, and had carried back home a glowing account of the fertility of its soil, the abundance of wood and water and hay. And these were the factors upon which these men and women had based their decision to forego the comforts of the east that they might establish homes for themselves and their children in the west.

Their way led over the hill north of the town. The men walking beside the teams and the women peering out from the canopy tops which sheltered them, gazed with interest upon the evidences of settlement on every hand—here a shack, there a few acres of breaking, while upon occasion some settler more beforehand than his neighbors might be seen already sowing grain.

Progress was slow. Horses fresh from the east and unused to the trail must not be hurried. Minor mishaps punctuated the day—now a load must be readjusted or made more secure, again a broken harness must be mended, or young stock, breaking away from the hunch, had to be rounded up with the aid of old "Shep" or "Barney" or "Jack" who was not only the friend of the family, but must do his bit by helping to keep the herd moving. Night found them not more than five miles from their starting point, but they were content. Camp pitched and supper served, they were glad to crawl into their blankets for a well-earned rest. If now and then a sigh was heaved as they thought of the old home it was smothered in hope. It is remarkable how readily the human body adjusts itself to the ec-



centricities of the prairie surface for the morning call found them rested and ready for the road again.

By the night of the third day they were nearing White's Slough where they were to camp. The day had been comparatively warm, though overcast. Now a drizzling rain driven by a cold east wind made for discomfort. The wind increased in violence; the rain turned to sleet, the sleet to snow. Scarcity of wood made adequate fires impossible. Children, tired out by the day's travel became fretful and difficult. The women, worn out by the jolting of the wagons, tossed in their blankets but could not rest. The men, nervous for their horses exposed to the storm, could not sleep. It was a night of misery.

By morning a blizzard was raging. Their camp was pitched on the open prairie where there was neither sheltering tree nor hillside to break the fury of the storm. Breakfast was a poor affair but the best they could do in the circumstances. There was little the teamsters could do for their horses although they moved about among them, adjusting a blanket that had slipped or performing such other service as offered. The spare men and older boys had their work cut out to keep the cattle from being driven away beyond recovery by the storm. The women huddled in their blankets striving as best they could to keep life in the little children.

The storm lasted three torturing days. Small wonder that when at last the wind died down and the sun deigned to shine again some of the less hardy members of the party decided to abandon the enterprise and prepared to backtrack. Bidding the rest of the party farewell, they set out by the way they had come, and so faded out of the picture.

If the humans suffered in the storm so did the horses. Old "Dol" and "Jack" and "Prince" and the rest missed sorely the comforts of their stables "back home." Tied out as they were, the blizzard worked its will upon them. It ate away their flesh, it robbed them of their vitality and killed their spirit. And too, the alkali in the water induced dysentery. Some of the animals died. The efficiency of the rest was seriously impaired.

The loss in horse flesh, newly shipped from the east, was appalling in those early days. It has been said, and perhaps truly, that even if there had been no trail a stranger could have found his way into the north country by the bones of the horses that had died by the way.

In the present case all loads had to be lightened. The logical thing to leave behind was the household effects. These were cached near the trail in the vain hope that later the men would return for them. In face of their present misfortune their loss did not seem so great, but many a time in their little prairie homes these housewives were to think longingly of the precious things, their household goods, which had been abandoned.

It was a glad day for these adventurers when finally they struggled into camp at the Indian Grave. Here was feed and shelter for the stock, while for the humans a well wooded coulee afforded comfortable quarters. Game, too, was to be had for the shooting; prairie chicken and venison made a grateful addition to the menu.

On the morning of the fourth day when they resumed the march the horses showed the great good the rest had done them. The drooping spirits of the men and women had been revived, their determination to win through, reborn.

In the not far distance they encountered a 20-mile stretch of sand hills. In dry weather this was a difficult bit but now the sand was wet and hard which made the going comparatively easy. True, the unbridged creeks hereabout were a difficult obstacle, but in time these were safely passed. So they came to the elbow of the south branch of the Saskatchewan, the broad river upon the banks of which, much lower down, they were to rear their homes. Here again they found ideal camp conditions—wood, water, shelter and good grazing grounds. Also, the weather was daily improving. And, best of all, they were half way to their destination.

They dreaded, as well they might, to leave the comparative comfort of this sheltered camp to face the trying journey across the wind-swept plateau which stretched from the Elbow to Beaver Creek, 40 miles further on. Even before they struck the plateau they must climb the Elbow hill, that long, hard haul, stiff enough for the strongest and freshest horses, almost impossible for this crippled outfit. But by doubling up—sometimes two teams and occasionally three teams to the wagons—they gained the top. This climb consumed an entire day.

The men and women were weary, the children were fretful, coughs and colds were the common experience. On the second night out from the Elbow it was apparent to all that little Jack was ill indeed. His cold had developed into pneumonia, or so it seemed. Many motherly hands helped to nurse the little chap. Such simple

remedies as were at hand were applied, but to no avail. As morning light gilded the sky the little fellow drifted out into the unknown. Trailing clouds of glory he had come, leaving gloom and loneliness and sorrow behind him, he had gone. A coffin was constructed of such materials as were available, a simple prayer was said at the graveside as the tired little body was laid away in its solitary resting place beside the old Hudson Bay trail which the party had been following since they left the Elbow. Then they set out again.

When Beaver Creek was reached every heart was thrilled by the sight of real trees—Manitoba maples, poplars, cottonwood and even an occasional ash. And the creek singing its way to the Saskatchewan. It looked like a touch of home after the bald prairie across which they had been compelled to travel. Not much wonder that here, and about this time, Robert Wilson, one of the earliest and grandest pioneers of them all, should establish his home.

And now only 40 miles remained before they came to the journey's end. Forty miles during which they would never be out of sight of trees, where always there would be the best of feed and water for the stock.

True the few miles on either side of Blackstrap Creek were a difficult proposition. Owing to the alkali the road was soft. Crossing the creek itself was a real job, each wagon in turn sank down in the soft mud, some of them to the axles. In the latter cases the loads had to be removed and carried forward to solid ground, while the wagons had to be taken out in parts. Blackstrap Creek. Prior to this crossing it had merely been another spot on the prairie; now it was to receive its name. In this wise: Going down into the creek the Goodwin wagon upset. A demijohn of blackstrap syrup was thrown out and smashed. In after days some member of the party, speaking of the trip, would say, "Do you remember where the blackstrap was upset?" until finally it came to be, "Do you remember Blackstrap Creek?" And so it is on the map and to all who name it; and so it will always be—"Blackstrap Creek." In such simple ways do places receive their names.

Less than 40 miles to go, but the end was not yet. There had been knowing looks and whisperings; now a halt was called. Doctor Willoughby was a very busy man; the women too were busy, and excited. All the men except the doctor were engaged with the stock; and the stock by a strange coincidence were grazing a full

quarter of a mile away. When the doctor came out to join the other men he announced, "A nine-pounder, and all's well."

Of course, neither the nine-pounder nor the mother could tackle the trail at once; they must wait many days before they could travel. But the situation was quickly met. These men and women had shared altogether too much hardship not to stand by one another in an emergency. Two of the women remained behind to tend the mother and child, while the husband looked after the camp. The rest of the party pulled out on the last leg of their long journey.

It was a glad day for these trail-worn adventurers when they again sighted the Saskatchewan and pulled into camp upon her banks.

So came these first settlers to this new country, the forerunners of the pioneer men and women who were to lay the foundation of proud cities and towns and to make the virgin prairie blossom as the rose.

## Daily Bread



A story-teller was relating with great earnestness how a ground-hog had climbed a tree. He was stopped by a listener who knew his ground-hogs. "Don't tell me any ground-hog ever climbed a tree." "But I tell you he did climb a tree; he had to climb a tree."

With the early settlers it was a ground-hog case—they had to live. And, since necessity knows no law, they attacked the problem of making a living with a will that was dauntless.

For the most part, each family brought along sufficient provisions to last them through the first season. Flour, rice, beans, salt pork and other simple but important items made up the list.

Immediately upon arrival the "breaking season" was upon them. From early morning until late evening the settler might be seen plodding along behind a Prairie Queen plow which, in most cases, was drawn by a yoke of oxen. Oxen were used for the reason that they could "live off the land." To do the same work, horses must be fed grain; and there was no grain. When the history of the settlement of this country is written it will not be complete unless good old "Buck and Bright" are given an important place. Slowly but surely they plodded along, turning over their acre or acre and a half a day. Nor were these same patient beasts to be despised upon the trail. Not so fast as the horses, they got there just the same. And could they endure hardship! they could and did. Of course, there were those who could not be sold on the idea of ox-power. They loved and clung to their horses. "Jack and Kit" or "Prince and Min" had been a part of the farm life these men had left behind them in Ontario; their horses were part of themselves. To this day are to be found descendants of some of these animals, still in the hands of the original owners or their children, and you will be told, "We brought the great grandmother of that horse out to this country in '83."

When dry weather made further breaking operations impossible the settler turned his attention to other affairs. The tent or other shelter which sufficed during the first months would not do for long.

Fall was near and winter would not lag far behind. Preparations must be made for permanent quarters and some measure of comfort. The sod shack was never very popular in this valley—probably because logs in limited number were procurable. The bluffs out east, up the river on what is now known as Yorath Island and south at Beaver Creek, were the chief source of supply.

The men worked together at the job of chopping, skidding and hauling. Then came the "raising." The man who has never attended one of these raisings has missed something out of his life, for here one saw neighborly co-operation at its best.

Assembled bright and early in the morning, sides were quickly chosen and every man set to work; some to haul the logs into place, others to skid them into position, still others to act as "corner men." These latter were adept with the axe, and were chosen for this reason. Each man had as much interest in the work as the owner himself. They had come to help a neighbor and would not be satisfied until the job was finished right. If the settler had brought with him from the east, doors, window frames and flooring he was fortunate indeed. Otherwise, these must either be made or brought in when next he made a trip to the outside world.

And now haying time was here. In these later years the hay problem has become quite serious. In the early days there was plenty for all. As a rule, some two men framed up to work together until each had sufficient to carry his stock through the winter.

Meanwhile, some men were busy on the trail. One seldom, if ever, made a trip to Moose Jaw in those days without meeting some settler or settlers on the road. They freighted in not only what stores they required for themselves, but carried goods for others also. The freight rate from Moose Jaw or Regina to Saskatoon was \$3 per hundredweight in summer and \$5 in winter. Many a man turned an honest dollar for himself in this way, while doing a neighbor a good turn at the same time. Later on freighting was to become "big business." Hundreds of tons were hauled from Qu'Appelle to Prince Albert which already had become an important point upon the map. Also from Swift Current to Battleford, an old capital of the North West Territories. At Battleford ex-Mayor James Clinkskill was at that time a prosperous merchant and outstanding citizen.

There was an abundance of game in those days. The shotgun and the rifle were important factors in early-day equipment. Within 20 minutes walk of Saskatoon one could bag all the prairie chickens

or ducks he might require. Geese, in season, also were plentiful, and it is gratifying to look back upon the fact that hunters in that day did not shoot to kill; they shot to eat. They scorned to kill for killing's sake. Also, antelope and blacktail deer were numerous. Upon one occasion in the sandhills south of the Elbow we came upon a herd of antelope, the number of which we could not venture to state. It is, however, safe to say that they ran into the hundreds. It was winter. To kill was easy—like shooting into a herd of sheep—but we contented ourselves with knocking over two, which provided us with all the meat we required. Curlew were never numerous in this region; nor did we attempt to shoot the few we came across. Their call at the evening hour was like a benediction. We loved their company. Under some circumstances the lowly muskrat was not to be despised; there is worse eating, a long way worse. For instance, badger. Badger meat has the peculiarity that the more one chews the bigger it becomes; one is never done. As now, fish were to be had for the taking. Along the river bank might be seen the settler, alone or with his wife, with willow wand stuck in the sand and the alarm bell telling the glad news that an unwary gold-eye had taken the bait. When ice had formed upon the lakes the Indians brought in jumper loads of perch or jackfish which they would gladly exchange for tea, sugar, tobacco, or what have you.

I wonder why the wild raspberries are no more; they were plentiful once. And such raspberries. These were picked in due season by the thrifty housewife who was careful also to harvest a goodly supply of Saskatoon berries each year; yes, and wild cranberries, too.

Let me pause long enough to say that there were cooks in those days. I saw in a recent American paper where a woman applied for a divorce on the ground that her husband had broken her can opener and refused to buy her another. Her plea was granted, too. Not so in this fair land in the early '80's. There were few cans to open and the heel of a hatchet blade did the trick in these few cases. The women took the goods the gods provided and with these turned out meals that would just make one eat. Not that the average appetite needed flogging. Men lived in the open and came to their meals at the first call.

With the approach of winter a number of those who had summered in the district returned east. Indeed, very few were left and these were scattered about, north, east and south of what is now

the city. Only seven women were among the number: Mesdames Eby, Hamilton, Copland, McGowan, Hunter, Richardson and Kusch. Each of these had her family about her, Mrs. McGowan with her first-born, the first white child born in the great territory south as far as Moose Jaw, north to Prince Albert and west to Battleford. The child was born in the first house built in Saskatoon, a sod shack which stood near to what is now Clarence Avenue and Saskatchewan Crescent. James McGowan, the father of this babe, was an uncle of the late Robert McGowan, so long and so prominently associated with the life of the city. Mr. Richardson's babe, born upon the trail the spring before, had become a lusty youngster.

It was a dreary day in December when the men, some 20 in number, who were leaving for the winter, met at the old trading post at the corner of Main and Broadway ready to hit the trail. They were to travel by pony and jumper. Owing to the time of year it was something of an adventure, for let it not be forgotten they were to cross a trackless waste of 160 miles with only two human habitations between them and their destination. One after another they pulled out until it came Sam's turn. Sam was driving an old buffalo-runner called Buck. Only late in life had Buck been taught to work in harness, and this under protest. Sam cracked his whip and yelled "Hurrah for h—, who's afraid of fire!" and Buck quit right there. Whether because he knew that it was not heat that Sam would have to face but rather ice and blizzard, I cannot say, but it took all the persuasion of all the bystanders to get Buck to join the outgoing procession.

Those who were left behind were thrown upon their own resources for entertainment. There was the stock to care for, each one had his dog and gun, and we "visited around." There were no mails, indeed, there was no communication whatsoever with the outside world during the long ensuing months. It was not until the following year that a regular mail service was established by stage from Qu'Appelle to Duck Lake, thence to Saskatoon by a subsidiary line with Frank Clark, now of Dundurn, as mail carrier. If memory serves correctly, we received mail by this service every two weeks. Dr. Willoughby was postmaster.

It is worthy of record that the bachelors, some six in number, including the Latham boys, the Goodwin brothers and the writer, celebrated Christmas 1883 in the Latham home located near where



the South Saskatoon station now stands. Jimmie Eby dropped in in the afternoon to pay his respects. A good time was had by all.

It was a glad day in the spring of 1884 when those who had gone out to spend the winter began to return. Indeed, 1884 was a red-letter year for the settlement. Many of the men and women who were later to lay their impress upon the life of the community came at that time. Among those who arrived overland were the (Robert) Clarks, Edgar Hawke, the Powes, the (Henry) Smiths, the Blackleys, the Fletchers, the Lashers, the Irvines, the Dulmages, the Garrisons, the Malloys, the Lakes, the Robinsons and others. It was in 1884 also that Sam Kerr brought in by scow a consignment of lumber from Medicine Hat for the Temperance Colonization Society. Among those who came with Kerr were Sandy Marr, Fred Smith, Louis Gougeou and Captain Andrews. Many of these names are too well known to call for comment, but it is worthy of note that the men of this group together with those of '83 really constitute the nucleus of the settlement. And it may surprise the reader to learn that by the fall of '84 there were fourteen houses, big and little, mostly little, in the budding town of Saskatoon. Count them, fourteen!

That spring some crop was sown; chiefly oats for feed. There was no object in growing wheat as there was no market for it. A few, a very few did carry an occasional grist to the old mill at Duck Lake, 65 miles away, but most of the flour consumed was shipped from the east, chiefly from Neepawa. Gardens, too, sprang up in every direction. Vegetables, so all important to the life of the family, were grown in great quantities—potatoes, of course; turnips, good old Swedes which could not possibly smell so sweet by any other name; beets, cabbages—but why go on? The growing of corn was not attempted until some time later when Frazer Robinson surprised us by inviting us out to his home on the farm for a corn-roast. That was, I believe, the first corn successfully grown anywhere hereabout. Each family laid in store, some in cellars, others in pits, against a winter which was sure to come.

Stock, too, was increasing. Old Bess, bought that spring or the year before, brought forth her calf, in due season—and was that calf cared for? The settler saw in the calf the promise of a herd which meant milk and butter and beef in days to come. That was the day when a calf was more than a calf.

Hogs, too. There were some hogs of the razor-back variety down the river in the St. Laurent district but the first honest-to-

goodness pig of which there is any record was brought in by Dave Lasher. The increase belonged to him, Hawke, George Clement and Bill Bate (Mr. W. P. Bate to you) all of whom lived out East in the same general direction. The arrangement was that the pig and her brood should visit the various homes to gather up such feed as each in turn was able to provide. For the most part, the swill consisted of dish water and was very, very thin, and so were the pigs, what with the big jumps between swill barrels and poor rations at each stop. Came the fall. The brood were about as big as jack rabbits, but thinner and faster. Could they run! But this is Bill Bates' story and he should tell it. Soon there were more pigs and better pigs.

And the voice of the rooster could be heard in the land. During the season previous we had gone forth frequently to rob the wild-duck nests but now old Biddy was on the job. She was very welcome. History credits Dr. Willoughby with bringing in the first eggs for hatching. The doctor had been on a trip to Moose Jaw when Mr. Whitmore, then the postmaster there, gave him a setting of eggs from a purebred strain which was highly regarded. On the six-day journey home the doctor drove with one hand and held the eggs, very carefully packed in a kettle, in the other. Those eggs were eggs. Arrived home, he showed his prize with pride and pleasure until someone asked him how he proposed to set the eggs. At the time there wasn't a hen, broody or otherwise, nearer than Battleford.

However generous field and garden might prove to be, a certain amount of hard cash must be scraped together against the fall when each settler visited his favorite trading town, Moose Jaw or Regina, to lay in winter necessities, groceries, clothing, flour and the like. For the average family about \$75 sufficed. "How did they get it?" In various ways. Mention has already been made that freighting paid well when there was freight to haul. Some men got temporary jobs on the government telegraph line, building through by Humboldt, Clark's Crossing and on northwest. At certain points great quantities of hay were required by the North West Mounted Police; many of our men worked at this job. One year, several of the men, with their teams, went south to Montana to work from early spring until the snow fell on the Great Northern Railway, which at that time was building to the Pacific coast; and when the Regina Longlake Railway, now a part of the Canadian government system, was

being built from Regina to Prince Albert, many of our men did well, some by supplying hay to the contractors who were building the dump; others by the sale of an occasional head of beef; still others by hiring out with their teams to work for the contractors. The Reil Rebellion proved a bonanza to many a settler hereabout. They profited in various ways.

There was hardship in the early days but there was practically no suffering. The writer remembers only one case where the suffering was acute. It was discovered one day that a settler was grinding wheat in a coffee mill to keep his three-year-old child alive. This condition was quickly rectified when the fact became known. The father was a Scotsman who could not bear to lay bare the facts.

Our people were simple folk. Their needs were simple. They thought more of a good book or a beautiful sunset than of a gold watch or a diamond ring. They lived near to nature and nature repaid their devotion. They knew how to do without. The women did not believe in as many dresses as do the women of today, although they believed in more dress—more at the top, the bottom, and the back. The needs of the men were few—one "best suit" would last an indefinite time. The children were simply reared; they were thrown upon their own resources, their own initiative, for their pleasures, and they solved the problem.

Looking back it is difficult to say to whom attached the greater credit, to the men or to the women of that day, or whether they should not share and share alike, and in generous measure! The men went conscientiously and determinedly to their task of compelling these prairies to yield their golden store. Whether on the homestead or on the trail, or away working on some job, they were impulsed by one thought—the welfare of wife and family. As for the pioneer woman, what shall we say? When her man was at home she stood shoulder to shoulder with him in the conduct of the day's affairs. When he was absent, whether on the trail or working on some job which kept him away from home, she cared for the family, she looked after the stock, she took upon her lone shoulders, burdens which were none too light for husband and wife to bear. When her man was on the trail enduring intense cold or lashed by the blizzard's wrath she could only wait and pray.

Some day there will be a monument reared to the memory of the pioneers. I would like to see that monument placed upon some exalted spot. I would like it to bear two figures, the figures of a pioneer pair standing shoulder to shoulder, his hand clasping hers, their gaze fixed upon the rising sun.

## Playtime



The question is often asked, "Were you not bored to death by the monotony of the early days?" Let me answer that question with an emphatic "No." Notwithstanding that we were a little company of people tossed out upon the banks of the Saskatchewan, far from the railways and further still from city centres, with no regular newspapers or magazines, with mail—after the mail route was established—coming to us only twice a month, with no amusement-houses of any sort whatever, without even a "main street" with its bright lights in the evening, we were never lonely. Thrown upon our own resources, we worked out the problem of our recreations and amusements; and I believe that every old-timer will bear me out when I say we worked out the problem successfully, and I am inclined to think it is always so with any company of healthy-bodied, healthy-minded young men and women, who are confronted with this problem.

Just as we worked together in harmony and goodwill, helping each other in any and every way within our power, so we played together happily and heartily. There was little dissension; there was no strife. True, there was an occasional falling-out; true, there was an occasional bit of gossip, but quarrels were few and far between and tittle-tattle was a thing almost unknown. When the settlement was a few years old our numbers were augmented by the arrival of a new family. It was quickly revealed that both the husband and wife were notorious gossips. They did not get far until they woke up one morning to find a placard on their front door which read as follows: "Office of the Evening News; we attend to everybody's business but our own." That stopped them.

We had come with a common purpose; we had much, almost everything in common, so it fell out that we shared together our healthful, happy leisure time.

From the very earliest days Saturday afternoon was a holiday. This probably because most of our people came from Ontario and

had been used to foregather at the market-town on that day, first to do their trading and then to greet their neighbors. Sometime after noon the settlers might be seen coming from the homesteads roundabout by buckboard, wagon, or on horseback, and while the elders engaged each other in friendly chat, what more natural than that the younger ones should engage each other in trials of speed or skill? Or what more natural than that we should "toss the ball around." And soon, very soon, we became organized. It was two or three years before we had sufficient numbers to permit us to put two full teams in the field, but we did the best we could with such numbers as we had. We played "Town against Country" and it is amusing to reflect that there were so few men in "town" that we had to borrow from the country to make up a nine. We did not graduate any players into the big leagues, but we played ball and enjoyed it. Nor did we ever shower the umpire with pop bottles—perhaps for the very good reason that there were no bottles.

Later on we also had a lacrosse team upon which were a few players of no little merit, chief of whom was Fred Kerr who had formerly played with the Torontos, one of the greatest teams in Canada in their day.

So it fell out that when Queen's birthday and Dominion day came around we were organized to go with a full program of races, jumps and a baseball or lacrosse match. No records were ever broken, no "times" were ever established, but we were all in it, and all in it for all we were worth. At the present time in the United States there are only about 50,000 football players in all their universities with their hundreds of thousands of students. The very few play while the great host content themselves with viewing the games from the grandstands. They wear the colors of their team, they bet their money as they see it, they howl their heads off, they can talk football like a Rockne or a Camp, but they don't play it. And they think they are sports while it would sorely tire the average man among them to run a hundred yards in twenty seconds. They know nothing of the friendship which grows up among men who engage each other in friendly sport, nor do they ever learn the most important lesson of all true sport, that the game's the thing and not the tally. I cannot remember that when we met any of us met to die for dear old Saskatoon, but we did meet to have a good time. And we had it. When the games were over we attacked the well-stored picnic basket provided by the girls. Whether

we had won or lost the contest just concluded, every man made a good showing in the raid upon the eatables.

Of course, there was always a dance at night. John Conn played the fiddle. He was a player of the old school—Ford would have given a fortune for him. What squeak was not inherent in the fiddle John scraped into it, but he knew a tune for every dance, and, strangely, we knew a dance for every so-called tune so that it worked out to the keen enjoyment of all. That was the day of the Scotch reel, the square dance and the waltz, with an occasional polka or schottische thrown in for variation. When the square dance went out of fashion the country caller-off lost his job. To hear Fred Kerr call off a square dance was a treat, indeed. Fred knew his dances; he also knew all the plain and fancy phrases calculated to lend added life to flying feet. Them was the times! The floor in the old house in which all our early entertainments were held was of twelve-inch pine boards, not too even, and not very solid, but what of it? We danced the night away and loved it.

At the dance to welcome in the New Year, 1885, almost every man, woman and child was present. The kiddies were there because the mothers were compelled to bring them or stay at home; they were put to sleep in improvised beds upstairs in what may best be described as the loft. As we were about to cross the line between the years, the fiddle was silenced, the dance stopped. Mr. James Hamilton was speaking. Mr. Hamilton, because of his years and his fine character, was looked upon as the father of the district. He reminded us of the blessings we had received during the old year, how our homes had been protected, our lives spared. Having said so much he called upon Mr. Harry Trounce to offer prayer, thanksgiving for mercies received and humble petition for Divine blessing during the approaching year; and it was thus that our little colony was ushered into 1885. Had we known what 1885 was to bring to us through the Riel Rebellion, it may be that some of us might have joined in the prayer more fervently. As may be realized, we were somewhat upset by this novel experience until a voice rang out "On with the dance, let joy be unconfined." The music struck up and we were off again. During the ensuing months Mr. Hamilton passed into the shadows; his passing caused great sorrow for he was much beloved.

It was at a later dance, but long before Owen Wister wrote "The Virginian" that Bill Bate and the writer stole upstairs in the dim candle light while the mothers were dancing and the babies

peacefully sleeping, and changed the places and the clothing of the little ones. I do not care to dwell upon the aftermath—for Bill and me; it is too painful. I will content myself with saying that we learned to leave babies alone—if we must face the outraged mothers afterward.

We had horse races too. We never produced a Derby winner nor a King's plater, but we did have a lot of fun. We produced winners, second-placers, and also-rans, "Lil" and "Barney" and "Split-the-wind" and many others whose names should be recorded. Who among the old-timers can forget the excitement occasioned by the hundred yard dash between Fred Kerr and the black pony "Nigger," with Tommy Latham up. Nigger must stand with his tail to scratch while Fred stood face on. They must go at the crack of the gun, Fred straight away while Nigger must whirl and run. The prize was a sack of flour, some considerable prize in those days. There were bets on that race too, real money; sums as high as a dollar were wagered, four-bits anyhow. As Nigger has long gone where all good ponies go, while Fred is still with us in the flesh, I shall not say which won. Yes, we had races, good races in those days; good races because we all knew all the horses from the day they were foals.

During the winter months we had frequent skating parties. Quite true, we had no rink but the river was just as broad then as it is now and the cove near to the southern approach of the new bridge was a sheltered spot which served our purpose well. Since keeping the ice clear only afforded us added exercise, we raised no kick when the frequent snow storms put us temporarily out of business. Cold? I'll say it was cold. The winters have not grown colder with the passing years; they have grown warmer I believe. But one of the most enjoyable features of our skating parties was the rip-roaring fire of ash and birch built upon the beach with the flames leaping as high as the crest of the river bank. We skated and froze, and thawed, and skated some more. When we tired of the sport we repaired to the Garrison home, or the Dulmage home, or the Andrews home to finish the evening with a dance or a game of cards.

Among the early settlers who came from England were two men who were to make special contributions to the life of the colony. One was Mr. Will Hailey who brought with him his violin. He had already made a reputation at home as a concert performer. It has

been my privilege in later years to hear many of the world's great violinists and I say without hesitation that by the playing of none of these have I been more thrilled than by the brilliant performances of Hailey. His was the soul of an artist. He hated cities and crowds, loved the song of the prairie at even-time and was never so happy as when dreaming sweet stories out of the strings of his beloved violin. Audiences were not necessary, I question very much whether they were even helpful to him, although he was always glad to play for us. On many an occasion Will Hailey and his violin did much to enrich and brighten the hour.

The other man who came about the same time, a year later I think, was George Horn. No country or city is richer than its personnel. Any city is rich which has within its gates one great soul. It will be readily understood then how rich indeed we were to have as a member of our little group a man of the calibre of George Horn. Fresh from one of the great English universities, he came seeking and finding those things provided by these far-flung prairies. He loved the prairie flowers, the songs of the birds, our sunrises and our sunsets. Unselfish to a fault, he scattered among us the riches with which his mind and soul were stored. Twice each week in winter time he assembled all who wished to come, one evening to discuss music and musicians, and on the other to disclose to us the golden stores of English literature. Not a few of us have much for which to thank George Horn. He set our feet in paths we had not known before, opened our eyes to the boundless wealth which might be ours and fired our ambition to know something at least of the worth-while things. He came, he stayed with us a few years and then passed on to teach English literature in the University at Tokyo, Japan. Now he rests retired in a quiet retreat in his homeland. During part of his stay here he taught the village school. He was a lay-preacher in the Anglican church and established the first church services of his denomination in Saskatoon. If this article meets his eye I shall be glad to have him know again how much his sojourn here meant to some of us.

Since we lived in a wide open space, distance meant very little in our young lives. Even though the thermometer stood at 40 below zero and the roads were blocked, we were not deterred from a trip to Dundurn, 25 miles south, or to Clarks Crossing, 18 miles north, to attend a house-warming or a get-together of any kind. These people were our nearest neighbors and we exchanged visits fre-



quently. Let me withdraw the expression "near neighbors" and say instead that they were of us and with us, just as were the Clarks out at the old stone house or the Hunters eight miles east or the Lathams five miles south. If we were invited to any of these or other such homes we went; if we were not invited we went anyhow, and when we arrived we were welcome. The latchstring on every door hung outside.

There was no limit to people's hospitality in this district at that time. Locks and bolts were unknown. Stealing was a thing unheard of. Why steal when one might have what he needed for the asking.

No, we were not lonely in the early days. We had the resources within ourselves by which we worked out the problem of our entertainment. In simple ways it is true, but in ways that were clean, wholesome and healthy. During the long winter days we went and came, we sang and danced, we read and talked; yes, just talked. We gathered about this or that home fire and talked the night away. A few evenings ago I was invited to the home of an old friend to meet a number of other old friends. My host explained to me that he had not arranged any program of cards or music as he thought we would all enjoy the evening more if we just talked. To me it was an evening of real enjoyment and judging from the way the others talked they enjoyed it too. I think back to by-gone years when we gathered in some settler's home, drew close up to the fire, while the blizzard raged outside, and talked of the experiences, sad or glad, through which we had passed, talked of home and friends in far-off places, talked of the coming days and what they might hold for us, our hopes and fears, our purposes and plans. Just talked.

## Tragedy and Near Tragedy



It was in the spring of '84 that grim tragedy first assailed our little colony, the direct result of a prairie fire which swept down upon us. In the early days prairie fire was always a menace, and continued to be until the breaking up of the country made its ravages impossible. A carelessly dropped match, a spark from a pipe or a neglected fire after a prairie meal was finished might start a conflagration which did incalculable harm. Fire came stealthily, giving no warning of its approach until it was upon us. It licked up the pasturage, leaped with hellish glee upon the hay and grain stacks of the farmer and gathered his home into its hateful maw, then passed on to play its havoc elsewhere.

It was such a fire as this that pounced upon us at the time mentioned. All hands were warned out to fight the fire fiend. Among the number was Mr. Robert Clark, who with his son, Wesley, had arrived the day before from Ontario. Even before the fire was completely extinguished Mr. Clark fell exhausted. The following day he was very ill. Pneumonia quickly developed and very shortly his life was despaired of. Mrs. Clark and her five younger children had been left in Moose Jaw while the two men came on with the first loads of settlers' effects. When they had located their land and prepared some sort of shelter against their coming they would return for the family. But the husband and father was not to return. Leaving his stricken father in the care of strange neighbors, Wes., then a lad of only 18 summers, hurried back to Moose Jaw alone to bring in the family. This boy, green from the east, utterly unused to prairie travel, made the round trip of 320 miles in nine days. The family arrived in the evening, the husband and father smiled his hail and farewell and was gone. The widow was left with her fatherless brood, her heart-strings torn not only by the passing of her husband, but also by her recent parting from kindred and life-long friends; left among complete strangers without a roof to cover her family, without a furrow turned upon the homestead; left with

very little of this world's goods and among strangers who were no better off than herself. It was tragedy, stark tragedy.

However, these new neighbors stood by. Soon, very soon, her homestead operations were under way and a log house was completed. In 1886 the log house gave way to the stone house which was to become a landmark, long known as "The Old Stone House." For years this house was to be a centre of hospitality and social life. Now the old house is gone, Mrs. Clark is gone, all the family are gone except a son, Teen, in Alberta, and Wes., who still lives on the eastern outskirts of the city.

The next tragic event in the life of our little bunch occurred in the winter of '86-'87, when Charlie Coster was frozen to death. Charlie, the son of a London surgeon, had arrived here in '84. Never very robust in health he was taken ill in the winter named. It was very difficult at that time to care for the sick. Homes were small and poorly equipped, and no matter how careful we were for one another the limitations of the time were a terrible handicap. Needless to say, there was no hospital. When one hears today expressions of dread at the very thought of a hospital bed it strikes us that rather should we thank God that we have such institutions when illness comes or accident strikes us down.

Charlie Coster lay ill, very ill, at the home of Harry Trounce. In his delirium he got out of bed and out of the house in Harry's temporary absence and wandered away. It was night and a blizzard was blowing. There could only be one end. All that night and far into the next day search parties scoured the surrounding territory. His body was finally found not far from The Old Stone House. We were few in number at that time and when death struck in this tragic way it filled us with horror.

In 1887 Neville Pendency was drowned in the river, off the old ferry. This is the first recorded death by drowning in the Saskatchewan River anywhere hereabouts. There was occasion for special sadness in Neville's death. Not only had our little community been struck again, but his widowed mother with her younger children was on the way out from England at the time to join him here. She expected Neville to meet her in Moose Jaw. Instead, she was met by friends whose melancholy duty it was to impart to her the news of her tragic loss.

The only other tragedy that I shall record was the death by freezing of Ted Meeres in the winter of '87-'88. Ted, the son of

a Plymouth physician, had settled here some years before. He was an active member of the young bachelor group. One evening in the winter mentioned, he and a number of the younger chaps, were gathered in one of the village houses. Again a blizzard was raging. It seems to one looking back that always there were blizzards in those times. So fierce was the storm on the night of Ted's death that Wes. Clark all but lost his life getting from the river to the house where the boys were gathered, now the corner of Main and Broadway. Meeres announced his intention of crossing to his home—a distance of a few hundred yards—for the purpose of tending his stock. The boys protested, but Ted went. The following morning it was revealed that he never had reached his shack. Settlers, Mounted Police and some Indians who were camped here joined in the search. There was but one hope, that Ted had reached the river bank, had found shelter among the trees there and so lived out the night, but later in the day the body was found some miles south of the village, a direction exactly opposite to the one he should have taken, and again gloom-like a black mantle descended upon us. In remembering back to the shadows that fell across our path, one of the deepest shades was cast by the fact that in the absence of any funeral director, the coffin must be made by the friends of the one who had gone, made out of such wood as was at hand, and trimmed with such materials as the women's scanty stores would provide. When the time for burial came, the coffin was placed in a democrat wagon, covered with flowers, if the prairie flowers were in bloom, and borne to the little burying ground which had been set apart south of town on the river bank. Each one present was overborne by a sense of personal loss.

Of near tragedies, there were many, chiefly occasioned by the risks taken upon the trail in the late fall or during the winter months. At any time in these seasons a storm might sweep down upon the traveler, endangering not only his own life but the life of his stock as well. It is scarcely necessary to remind our readers that in the circumstances the life of the man pretty much depended upon the well being of the stock. It will be understood then the terrible plight in which William Hunter, one of our number, found himself when he awoke one morning while on the trail in the fall of '86 to find that his oxen had disappeared. He was on his way alone to Moose Jaw to lay in the family winter supplies. The weather was good and he had every prospect of a safe and satisfactory trip.

Thinking the oxen had wandered over the next hill in search of water, he was in no way alarmed when he first missed them, but after hours of fruitless search the seriousness of his plight dawned upon him. After four days of continuous searching he was compelled to give up and set out on foot for Moose Jaw, 40 miles away. By a fortunate chance, he fell in with a settler who went to his assistance. The wagon was brought in to Moose Jaw, a new yoke of cattle was purchased, purchased with the money with which he had intended to buy his supplies. Either touched by his unfortunate plight or intrigued by his honest Scots face, a merchant sold him some goods on credit. Thus was he enabled to bring back some of the winter requirements, but the family went on short rations that year. It was never known what befell the cattle, whether they first wandered looking for water and then wandered on or whether some roving band of Indians from the south drove them off. However, had this misfortune befallen, say, 40 miles further north or had he not fallen in with help there is no telling what the sequel would have been. Very probably death for this man on the prairie.

Mr. Hunter and his young daughter, Barbara, had a close call late in the fall or early winter of another year. Hay, many stacks of hay, had been put up by the settlers in the valley not far from the Hunter home. The family were startled into quick action by the appearance of a widespread prairie fire bearing down on the valley from the east. Mr. Hunter after hurriedly plowing a fireguard around his own home and stacks set out with Barbara to fight the approaching enemy. They toiled far into the night without assistance as the settlers nearer town knew nothing of the menace. Finally, when completely exhausted, they turned toward what they thought was home only to discover that in the blackness of the night they were hopelessly lost. The father robbed himself of clothing that he might save the child. The suffering of such a night can only be known by the one who has endured the experience. That they both survived is a miracle. With returning day they were able to locate themselves. Utterly exhausted they tottered home. But Barbara, now Mrs. B. E. Anderson, assures us that they saved a number of neighbors' stacks that time.

An experience through which the writer passed and in which he played a somewhat inglorious part will serve well to illustrate how close to tragedy men came when out on the trail in the winter time in the early days. The late Robert McCordick and I left Moose

Jaw on November 8, 1883, with two teams hauling very heavy loads. We confidently hoped to make Saskatoon before the roads became blocked with snow. However, before we were one day out a real snowstorm was upon us. The going became heavy. Progress was so slow that on our best days we could not make more than ten miles. It required 12 days to reach the Elbow, a distance of 80 miles. To make matters worse, the writer had become ill, probably due to the cold, to exhaustion and to poorly cooked food. Whatever the cause or causes he was all in when we reached the home of Fred Fear and Bill Elliott, two men who had squatted at the Elbow against the building of the bridge across the Saskatchewan River as called for by the old McKenzie railway survey. These men were optimists, but Mac and I were glad they were there, glad to share the shelter and hospitality of their home. We needed both for I was rapidly becoming ill indeed. Several days elapsed before we dared to venture out again.

In my weakened condition we dreaded to face the wind swept plain which one must cross to reach Beaver Creek 40 miles away. We were more than four days completing this leg of our journey and every mile is still a nightmare. Finally we pulled in to Beaver Creek but in the darkness we had missed the Wilson crossing. We could only wait for daylight when we hoped to locate ourselves. To Mac that must have been a night of exquisite torture for not only must he endure his own physical suffering but he must care for me as well. For myself, I was beyond caring. When morning came a raging storm made it impossible to determine our relation to the Wilson home. It was past noon before Mac was sure enough of our location to venture forth. Leaving the teams at the creek we struck out across the prairie in the blinding blizzard. Memory records with ironic accuracy the incidents of that short trip. Every step was an agony. I was only kept going by Mac's frequent assurances that we were coming closer to the house. When we reached the plowing by which the house was surrounded physical endurance could stand no more and I collapsed. Mac was a physical giant in those days. He took me on his shoulder and proceeded to carry me the rest of the way. Mr. Wilson had stepped outside his door, saw us coming and knew we were in trouble. He summoned Russell and James R. to his assistance and I was carried in. I had fallen into good hands for Mr. Wilson knew from long experience what to do in a case of this kind. I was quite unconscious and badly frozen but restoratives

were quickly applied and the frost was carefully rubbed out. After a stay of four days I was able to get about and resume my journey home, where we arrived on December 12. I suffered no permanent ill effects but Mac in his care for me neglected himself with the result that he lost part of each thumb, an abiding reminder to him of a near-tragedy on the prairie. That was as near the brink as a man will ever come without going over.

Speaking of Mr. Robert Wilson reminds the writer of a near-tragedy which involved that hardy pioneer. In September, 1885, Mrs. Wilson had taken Archie to Moose Jaw that he might continue his studies there. Russell and James R. had also gone out for the winter. Mr. Wilson was left alone. Shortly after his family had gone he hooked up a pair of spirited bronchos to bring in a jag of hay from a nearby slough. Upon the way the horses took fright and Mr. Wilson was thrown from the wagon. The wheels passed over him, he was knocked unconscious and otherwise seriously injured. All day he lay where he had fallen, soaked by a cold drizzling rain. Toward evening Mr. Archie Brown on his way to Moose Jaw chanced to pass that way. He carried Mr. Wilson to his house, a half-mile distant, applied such restoratives as were at hand and nursed the injured man until other settlers came along, four days later. These latter hurried to Moose Jaw to inform the family concerning the accident. Altogether it was eight days before Mrs. Wilson and the boys knew what had befallen. The following day Russell was on his way back to his fathers' bedside with such medicines and comforts as the times afforded. It was a happy coincidence that Archie Brown should arrive at Beaver Creek on the day the accident happened, as very often a week or ten days would elapse without a settler passing that way. Had Mr. Wilson lain out that night he could not have survived.

The life of the early settler, particularly the lone homesteader, was beset with hazards. They were part of his lot. Is it any wonder then that with the pioneers it was one for all and all for one? It may be that they realized that if they did not hang together they would hang singly. Anyhow they hung together.

## The Rebellion



It was on a summer day of '84 that a number of freighters from Saskatoon pulled into camp at the Elbow of the south branch of the Saskatchewan River. Already in camp we found a number of the most influential halfbreeds from the Batoche-Duck Lake district. Conversation disclosed the fact that they were a deputation from the northern halfbreeds to Louis Riel who at the time was living in Montana. The purpose of their visit to Riel was to bring him back to champion their "cause." We knew that if Riel came back it meant trouble in the north. We were all familiar with his career in Manitoba. How he had been the chief instigator of the Red River Rebellion in '69; the course that rebellion had taken; the interference with government surveyors and the unhappy results; the murder of Tom Scott; the lasting ill-feeling provoked between the halfbreeds and the white people; and above all, the humiliating fact that upon that occasion Riel had been paid money by the Canadian government, supposedly to get him out of the country.

We knew that he was too smart for the simple-minded, honest-hearted halfbreeds who now went seeking his assistance in what they regarded as the hour of their extremity. These men had no remotest thought of armed rebellion. They had grievances, real and fancied. They could get no satisfaction from Ottawa. Therefore this deputation to Riel who once before had brought the Canadian government to terms in jig time.

And what were these grievances, real or fancied, under which the halfbreeds suffered? They could not get patents to their holdings on the Saskatchewan River. They had trekked into this territory because they wanted farms that fronted on the river. They had arrived before the country was surveyed and had located upon lands to their liking without any thought to the day when the surveyor would run his lines. When the survey was made confusion reigned. They were "all through other." In response to their clamor for their deeds they were told to adjust themselves according to the survey and their patents would be issued. And that was that.



Another cause of disagreement with the government grew out of the enforcement of the game laws. Heretofore these men had hunted where and when they chose; henceforth, except when traveling, they must observe times and seasons. Who were these white men in the east to lay down rules for them, whose fathers time out of mind had possessed this land and had hunted where and when they willed? Also, and let us whisper it, the government agents of that day were not always all they ought to be. The word is almost obsolete now as you are aware but at that time there was what was known as graft. In this case it was petty graft but the grafters were the representatives of the government. To the halfbreeds and the Indians they were the government. And this government would not in all cases render unto each man the things which were his. There were other causes but these are sufficient for our purpose.

In retrospect it all seems and sounds silly, does it not? And it was silly. The exercise of a little diplomacy would have ironed out the entire trouble in a few hours and Canada would have been saved from a nasty stain upon the page of its western history. I venture to assert that if some man like the late Mr. Tom Mackay had been sent to Batoche to straighten matters out he would in a few hours have left a satisfied people behind him when he returned to his home in Prince Albert. But matters were allowed to drift until finally the halfbreeds sent their emissaries to Riel to invoke his aid. Riel saw his opportunity. He was willing to help them, but on his own terms, terms which were not then disclosed. They must leave the matter entirely in his hands and trust him to see them through. To this they agreed for they knew no one else to whom they might turn. And so Riel came back to Canada.

One evening in the fall of '84 we were busy about the store when the door opened and a halfbreed entered. To us he was just another halfbreed. After pacing the length of the store two or three times he paused at the counter long enough to ask: "Do you know who I am?" and resumed his pacing. He stopped again, "I am Louis David Riel." We responded with a "glad to meet you" or words to that effect. Riel made a few purchases of food stuffs, went out and continued upon his way to Batoche. Arrived there he proceeded to disclose his plan which may briefly be summed up in two words—armed rebellion.

It is not my purpose in this article to relate the history of the rebellion, although I would enjoy the exercise, but rather to describe

the course of events in this district and its effects upon our people. Although in the beginning we did not know Riel's plan or method, it was very evident during the winter of 1884-85 that the unrest among the halfbreeds was growing. At the time we had a store, a trading post rather, at Batoche under the management of Mr. George Kerr from whom we received frequent word of the way affairs were shaping, and of the methods Riel was using to swing the halfbreeds into line.

Riel was educated while they were uneducated; he was tricky and crooked while they were simple and direct; he cared nothing for them but desired only to foment trouble with the government for his own profit while they wanted "justice." He took full advantage of their ignorance when he explained how easy it would be to drive every white man out of the country which would then be theirs as it had been their fathers. The buffalo would come back; they would hunt and shoot without any restrictions laid upon them by white interlopers. Not only would they have the deed to their lands, the whole country would be theirs. They fell for his sophistries.

On March 26 the storm broke when a clash occurred between the breeds and Indians led by Gabriel Dumont who was Riel's general and the North West Mounted Police under Major Crozier. In this engagement Dumont lost five killed, while Crozier lost nine killed and twenty-five wounded. Simultaneously every white man's store in the district was seized and looted and the white men made prisoners. Dr. Willoughby and Kerr were among the number. Some of these prisoners were held in a cellar which was nothing more than a dug-out and were subjected to indescribable indignities until they were finally released upon the arrival of Middleton's troops from the east. Among these was the late Edward Woodcock, three of whose sons, Charlie, Ed. and Jack, are well known citizens of Saskatoon. Another son, Will, lives at Makwa.

Upon the occasion of some unpleasantness with the Indians at Battleford during the previous year, word had jokingly been sent over the wire from Clarks Crossing that if help were needed to quiet the disturbance Saskatoon would send men up to do the job. Riel had heard of this incident and from that time had had his knife in Saskatoon. Instead of putting Dr. Willoughby in the cellar along with the other prisoners he sent him home with the cheering mess-

age to our people that they should prepare to meet their God for within a few days we would be wiped off the earth.

And Riel would have carried out his purpose had his hands not been kept full with engagements round about Batoche; he was not only a snake, he was a venomous snake. Saskatoon was "on the spot." To get the picture it is necessary to get the setting. It was March, the snow was still on the ground and the weather was cold. We were 160 miles from the nearest railway point, which made it utterly impossible to move the women and children to safety in that direction. We were menaced on three sides by Indians, on the north by those who had joined Riel, on the south by Whitecaps Sioux who were hourly becoming more restless, and on the west by Big Bear and Poundmaker's savages who were already in open rebellion. As spring was at hand we were practically out of ammunition and our food supply was running low. Our people were nervous, extremely nervous.

At our frequent meetings various plans for the protection of the women and children were discussed, chief of which was the erection of a fort on what is now Yorath Island. But always we were faced by the fact that we were almost without ammunition. We had no fear of the halfbreeds. They did not make war on women and children. Our dread was the Indians. Rumors reached us almost every day that we might expect Big Bear or Poundmaker or both at any time. We knew that the Sioux were hourly becoming more restive. Items from the minutes of a meeting of the Pioneers' Society held in the schoolhouse on March 23, 1885, are revealing:

"The meeting opened with prayer. Moved by Mr. Trounce, seconded by Mr. Graham that Gerald Willoughby now give a report of his mission to Whitecap's reserve. Willoughby told us that the Indians appeared quiet, that Whitecap expressed friendship toward the people of Saskatoon. He also states that Mr. Walch (Welch) would be in town next day and would attend any meeting that might be held. It was moved by Mr. Copland, seconded by Mr. Cleveland that we do not attempt the trip to Moose Jaw, but that we stay at home attending to our usual avocations. Carried."

Here Welch is introduced into the picture. A few of you may have read a series of articles which recently appeared in an eastern magazine in which Welch plays the stellar role. He gives a graphic description of the heroic part he played in the '85 drama and tells how he saved Saskatoon. Welch, a half-breed had settled near

Whitecap's reserve the year before. He made frequent trips to Batoche, upon one of which he was accompanied by Dr. Willoughby—this was the trip upon which Dr. Willoughby was taken prisoner. Welch went to and fro at will. He also received very frequent visits from Batoche halfbreeds who were known to be the willing tools of Riel.

As will appear, he was an arrant coward and a double-crossing crook. He recounts an interview he is supposed to have had with Gabriel Dumont. "When I saw Dumont he told me he was going to bring Riel back . . . 'Look here, Dumont,' I said, 'I'm a working man, you are a bummer, etc., etc.'" Let me say, and every man who knew Gabriel will bear me out, that the conversation had it ever occurred would have ended right there. Gabriel would not have wasted powder and shot upon him but would have broken Welch across his knee. Gabriel was always dangerous, stern and fierce and quick to strike; he would have killed Welch with his bare hands without a second's hesitation and without mercy if he had so much as crossed him. During the entire uprising on the south branch he generated the breeds and Indians. At the engagement of Fish Creek he fought Middleton's forces to a standstill. After falling back on Batoche he stood Middleton's men off for three days although he was outnumbered five to one, had neither gatling nor big gun and was so short of ammunition that his men were pulling the nails out of buildings and cutting them up for bullets.

He gripped the imagination and compelled the respect of Middleton and his officers so that they spoke of him with unstinted praise. His "courage, mes braves" could be heard above the firing of the guns as he moved about inspiring his men. And when the fighting was over and the day lost Gabriel slipped away, nor were there white men enough in the north-west to stop him or bring him back. Gabriel was an unloveable character but he was a great warrior. Meanwhile, where was this lion-hearted Welch? He was saving Saskatoon! the show-down had come; actual fighting had begun; Welch fled Batoche as he would a plague. On his way home to hide himself he came to Saskatoon. And listen to this: "When we came to Saskatoon next day at 10 o'clock all was excitement . . . women and children were crying. Sleighs were loaded with people ready to flee to Moose Jaw. When they saw me coming men, women and children began calling, 'Here's Welch; here's Welch, he will fix us up, advise us what to do.' Trounce, the mayor, came and

asked me if it would be advisable to call a meeting . . . I tell you I could hardly make my way through the crowds to the town hall. Everybody was terrified and kept crying, 'Mr. Welch, Mr. Welch'."

And his address? Read it and weep: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am sorry to see such a disturbance and everybody so frightened . . . The Indians are not dogs. They will not come and shoot you down without notifying you."

That, as everyone knows, was the Indian way; they always notified their intended victims!

Having calmed the fears and soothed the feelings of our people he proceeded home. The third day after his arrival, according to Welch, the halfbreeds and Indians came down upon him. They took him prisoner and seized his foodstuffs, cattle and horses. They brought him to Saskatoon again and, prisoner though he was, he and Trounce saved the town. Mr. Trounce, the mayor, showed him "stacks of repeating rifles and a great supply of ammunition," told him how great he was and assured him that he depended upon him for salvation. And so on and on and on until eventually he and Trounce saved Saskatoon. "Impassable crowds," "a town hall," "Harry Trounce, mayor," a "stack of rifles and ammunition"; Welch the saviour! Laugh old-timer, laugh! A mayor and everything! We had just 14 men "in town" all told, our "town hall" was a little frame shack to which I have made frequent reference in previous articles. Harry Trounce may have had, probably did have, the rifle and shotgun which were found in almost every settler's home. Was Welch taken prisoner as he states? If he had been taken prisoner the Indians would have run off his stock to the last hoof, but the fact is that after the rebellion was over Welch was back on his ranch with his buildings standing, his implements untouched and his cattle and horses around him. The following year he sold out to Mr. George Wilson who for many years subsequently ranched upon the site of Welch's former holdings. He sold out and left because he could not any longer live neighbor to the people who knew him. Held in utter contempt by every halfbreed in the north country, suspected by the white men as he himself admits, he faded from the picture.

It is regrettable that any magazine should have been tricked into printing what is a reflection upon men, some of whom were misguided, it is true, but all of whom were honest and brave.

The minutes of that Pioneer Society meeting are eloquent in that they reveal the serious plight of our people at the time, and the fine spirit of our men. "The meeting opened with prayer," they would go about their "usual avocations." The families on the isolated homesteads were, as it chanced, in less danger than those "in town" for the reason that owing to the time of year no Indians were roaming about upon the prairie. The excitement throughout the country grew more intense and the danger to the white people became more imminent; it was deemed wise therefore to gather the women and children of the town into one place where they could be better protected. They were assembled in the old Dulmage house which until comparatively recently stood on Tenth Street, Nutana.

From this centre some men went out to do sentry—go up and down the river bank to guard against an enemy approach from the west, while others guarded the trail which led into town from Beaver Creek and the Sioux reserve. Finally through the false promises of Welch and others, Whitecap's men got completely out of hand. The old chief sent word to us that he could not longer control his warriors, that they were going out on the warpath. This was the crisis. It was arranged that we would place our men in two buildings on the outskirts of town, one on either side of the trail by which the Indians must enter the settlement. These men would constantly show themselves, rifles in hand, so that the Indians might know that we were on guard and armed. When word of their near approach reached us Mr. Hamilton, Dr. Willoughby and Mr. Copland, with the writer as their interpreter, were sent out to meet the Indians and persuade them to return to their reserve or, failing in this, make plain to them that they must not enter the town. When our messengers met them they were friendly enough, but determined to go to Batoche. They assured us that they would not molest our people or touch our belongings; that they were quite willing to go round the town and strike the trail further north. This they did. One wonders what would have happened if they had known that the white men on guard had not sufficient ammunition to hold them off for ten minutes.

These Indians were of the dreaded Sioux who only nine years before had wiped out Custer and his men. Had they got inside that day our experience might have been similar to that at Frog Lake. It is to the Indians' credit, however, that as they and the breeds proceeded on their way north they came to the home of Carl Kusch,

where they had a lone family at their mercy, but made no attempt to enter the house, while on the other hand Welch's halfbreed cronies from Round Plain not only forced their way in but helped themselves to everything they wanted. It was a tremendous relief to our people when the Sioux menace from the south was removed. They had been living for days in dread of what might happen. Mothers hugged their little ones close and wondered what the night might bring forth. The men felt almost helpless because of the lack of ammunition. They knew that the women and children were wholly at the mercy of the savages if they determined to come in. Although we had repeatedly been warned that the Indians from the west were coming down upon us, there never was the same fear of them as of the Sioux. The Sioux were our neighbors, they knew the settlement intimately, knew our numbers accurately and could measure our weakness. They would know just where and when to strike. Although our relations with them had always been friendly, we had known them only a comparatively short time, and we knew their reputation. In after years a bond of real friendship was formed between us and them which remains until this day. They would fight with us and for us against any enemy. After the rebellion was over Whitecap, their chief, went on trial for his life for treason and it was the writer's privilege to testify in his defense. He was honorably acquitted. After a lapse of years when the old chief was about to die he sent for me that I might carry the message to our people that in dying his heart was warm toward his white friends.

Our winter stock of provisions was running low. Ordinarily, had need arisen, we would have supplemented our stores by bringing down from Duck Lake sufficient pork and flour to tide us over until the Moose Jaw trail was open but now Duck Lake was in the hands of the rebels. Food must be brought from Moose Jaw and at once. Three of us, with some twelve wagons and carts, were picked for this job, Fraser Robinson, Will Irvine and the writer. As the spring break-up had come the roads were soft and the streams were in flood. That was some trip. Arriving at Moose Jaw, the writer was commandeered by Colonel White and Jim Ross (later Senator Ross, who died recently), and was shipped with two horses to Swift Current. From there I was sent with a scouting party into the Vermillion Hills and through to the elbow of the south branch. We were looking for Indians from the south. A little later I was sent to join the Intelligence Corps of Scouts, Colonel Jack Dennis com-

manding, was sworn in and accompanied my troop to Batoche, on to the relief of Prince Albert, back to Carleton, over to Battleford, north to Fort Pitt and from there to Beaver River in pursuit of Big Bear. Fraser and Billy returned home with the much needed food-stuffs.

Meanwhile, General Middleton had arrived at Clark's Crossing from the east via Qu'Appelle and Humboldt, had proceeded to Fish Creek, where his first engagement with the rebels was fought. Some of our men helped to convey the wounded to Saskatoon, the nearest point at which a hospital could be established, and for which purpose the old Willoughby store had been commandeered. From this time until the rebellion was over our men were chiefly engaged in transport and intelligence work. Archie Brown took charge of government telegraph line repairs.

Capt. E. S. Andrews was placed in charge of all ferries on the south branch, Dr. Willoughby joined up as an army surgeon. A number of our women volunteered service as nurses in the hospital. Motherly souls who wore no uniform, but who knew how to comfort and relieve wounded soldier boys far from their eastern homes. The rebellion gave our district a black eye. Naturally, no settlers came in that year. The eastern troops had had a terrible experience in getting here especially on their memorable march around the north shore of Lake Superior; nor was their stay on the prairie a summer outing. Consequently, many of them carried back impressions of the west which were reflected in a strong prejudice against this country as a place in which to make a home. It was years before the tide of settlement set in this way again. Rebellion days, before the arrival of the troops, were anxious days in this north country. It was a time of terrific strain. Day and night men were faced by the fear of the scalping knife for themselves and a fate far worse for their wives and children.



# The School



One day last week a few old-timers went a hunting but we didn't find what we looked for. We were in quest of the little old building in which the first school in Saskatoon was opened. Originally this building stood in what is now Eighth Street but was in that day open prairie. It was later moved to the corner of Main and Eastlake where it served as a dwelling house. It was shunted off this location to make room for a house more in keeping with its neighbors and has apparently disappeared permanently from the picture, just as other old landmarks have had to make way in the onward sweep of the city. It is regrettable that there is not even a photograph of the old building around which swing so many early-day memories. Within its contracted walls our first church services were held; it was the centre of our earliest social gatherings; the "town meetings" were held there; and it was in its one small room that the first school classes assembled in 1886 with J. W. Powers as the first teacher.

G. W. Grant, Dr. Willoughby and Peter Latham comprised the first trustee board. Very shortly Mr. Powers was compelled to retire, to be succeeded by Mr. A. B. Davidson. Owing to the tragic death of his wife, Mr. Davidson was called east and the writer was engaged to complete the school year. Mr. I. N. Guthrie was appointed teacher for the year following. During the first winter there were not more than eight pupils on the roll, but as winter gave way to spring the attendance increased. Owing to the severity of the weather and the long distance some of the pupils were compelled to travel, it was impossible for them, especially the smaller ones, to attend in the wintertime. Let it not be forgotten that at this stage of our development there were more people on the scattered homesteads in the district than there were "in town."

It was in the winter of 1887 that upon one occasion it was found necessary because of a blizzard to keep the pupils in the schoolhouse all night. The storm had been growing in intensity

during the day. At dismissal time it was a raging fury. The teacher very wisely decided not to allow the pupils to leave. Towards night some of the neighborhood men fought their way to the schoolhouse bringing food and bedding. The youngsters were fed and put to bed, the older children taking care of the younger ones.

That was a storm! It swept across the western plains with terrific force, involving the entire territory as far east as Winnipeg. South of the border a young teacher lost her life vainly endeavoring to save the lives of her pupils; the teacher and every scholar went down before the storm. It was in 1887 that the little old stone schoolhouse was built. The little building doesn't cut much figure on the university campus, but it stands as a monument of the self-sacrifice and the visions of the early settlers. There were so few of us; we were so scattered; money was so scarce.

This schoolhouse was regarded as a triumph when it was completed. During the years following 1887 the growth of the district was slow with the result that the accommodation it provided was for long adequate to our school needs.

It is not the writer's intention to recite again the story of public school development in Saskatoon. This is a matter of record. But it is our desire to emphasize the fact that from earliest days there has been the fullest realization of the importance of the public school. And it is cause for congratulation that in all the years men have been found willing to give unstintingly of their time and their ability to the upbuilding of the public school system. Today our school buildings challenge the admiration of every visitor to our city. The care exercised by succeeding school boards in the selection of teachers has resulted in one of the finest public school organizations of any city of our size in the land. Nothing can take the place of the public school; no sacrifice is too great in order to insure its unqualified success. We can have which we will, the slum with its degrading, damning influence upon the young or the public school with its uplifting, saving influence. Who was it said, "Better build school houses for the boys than jails and penitentiaries for the men"?

As an early settler I look back with pride upon the men, yes and the women too, who out of their poverty built the little stone schoolhouse. It is surmounted by no tower, its desks and other equipment were home-made and crude, but nevertheless it helps to adorn the university campus. If its stately neighbors were animate

and could speak I believe they would pat the little building on the roof and say, "If it were not for you we would not be here."

In the period under review the staff of teachers has grown from one to 188. The attendance has grown from eight to 6,729, exclusive of the separate school attendance. What an army! How influential for the future!

On January 10, 1903, Mr. W. P. Bate was appointed secretary to the public school board. During all these years he has given to the board and to the city a service that cannot be counted in dollars and cents. Capable, energetic and self-sacrificing he has brought to his responsible task the peculiar gifts of mind and soul with which he was so richly endowed and a share of the success of school work in the city is due to his fine service. Today he is one of our most honored citizens.

It was in 1911 that the Roman Catholics in the community decided that in order that religion might be taught in schools as part of the daily study it was necessary for them to form a minority or separate school district. Harmony and co-operation have been the keynote between this board and the public school board of the city with the result that the two have worked happily together. In 1911 three classes were organized with Sisters of the Order of the Presentation in charge. In 1913 St. Mary's eight-room school was built on Avenue O. This is said to be one of the best schools architecturally in the province. Also that year a two-room frame school was built near St. Paul's Church. In November, 1914, the Sisters of the Order of the Presentation withdrew and the school was continued under the direction of Mr. Creighton, now of Nutana Collegiate Institute. Mr. E. D. Feehan is the present principal. In 1926 the St. Paul's school was built and in 1929 the eight-room school in Nutana replaced the old two-room school in that section of the city. The separate school staff for 1932-33 consisted of 20 teachers, while the number of pupils on the roll for the year past was 960.

Concerning early-day secondary education in the city we gather the following interesting items from a 1909 publication: "The public school board handled the work of the high school until the election of the present board in April, 1908, when they provided their own building and took complete charge as a separate board. Temporary rooms were secured in the Willoughby-Butler building on Twentieth Street, Riversdale. Mr. A. J. Mathers is principal, Mr. W. S. Flem-

ing, Mr. J. A. Speers and Miss J. J. McKenzie assistants. The school has collegiate standing and is doing good work. It started with 58 pupils and now has 89 on the roll. The board has purchased a sight on the Louise Grounds at the head of the traffic bridge and has in contemplation plans for the erection of a fine collegiate building. Bright indeed are the prospects for this institution. Although the youngest of its kind in the province it has already by its rapid growth beaten all records, not only in the province but in all western Canada."

Contrast if you will this picture with the one presented today. There are now in Saskatoon four splendid collegiate institute buildings including the technical institute, with a staff of 88 teachers and an enrolment for the school year just closed of 2,836 students! It is worthy of note that one of the original staff is still with us in the person of Mr. Speers who is now principal of the Bedford Road Collegiate.

In 1912 the provincial Normal School began work here. During the first ten years quarters were shifted about somewhat. Operations began in Nutana Collegiate Institute were continued to Buena Vista Public School, later at the University and finally, until the present Normal School permanent home was opened in January, 1922, at St. Mary's Separate School. In the first year training was given 62 teachers. During the 21 years of its work here 8,054 teachers received training. During the past term there have been in attendance 285 teachers. During its career the school has had four principals, Dr. J. S. Snell, Dr. G. M. Weir, Dr. J. S. Huff and the present incumbent, Mr. R. W. Asselstine. Mr. Asselstine has ten assistants upon his staff.

From an historical sketch of St. Andrew's College we glean the following facts:

"The Presbyterian College, Saskatoon, was the culmination of two movements, educational and missionary in the Presbyterian Church in Canada. The first was the policy of establishing in each synod of the church and in closest affiliation with the great universities a college for the training of a Presbyterian ministry. But the college was also the culmination of another movement, a missionary movement which began with Rev. James Sutherland, a pioneer Presbyterian elder and reached its zenith in the genius and devotion of James Robertson and J. A. Carmichael. After the location of the University of Saskatchewan, at Saskatoon, the board of governors

offered to each affiliated college a site on the campus. On behalf of the Presbyterian Church the late Rev. Dr. J. A. Carmichael, then superintendent of missions for Manitoba and Saskatchewan, made application for a site for a Presbyterian theological college. In June, 1912, the general assembly approved the establishment of the college at Saskatoon in affiliation with the University of Saskatchewan. In June, 1913, Professor Oliver, now the Right Rev. E. H. Oliver, who had from the inception of the University of Saskatchewan occupied the chair of history and economics, was appointed the first principal by the general assembly at Toronto."

Classes were opened in October, 1914, with an enrolment of 37 students. This coincided with the outbreak of the Great War in which five students of the college gave up their lives. The college building was opened for lectures in September, 1923. On June 10, 1925, was consummated the organic union of the Congregational, Presbyterian and Methodist churches. From this date St. Andrew's College has been a college in connection with the United Church of Canada. This year there have been in attendance on lectures 72 students.

Memories of early days are stirred as we review the history of Emmanuel College. John McLean! John McLean the founder of the college who from 1875 until his tragic death in 1886 traversed these then northern wastes in the cause of humanity, nor ever asked the name or breed or creed of him he helped. McLean must have helpers, trained helpers—interpreters, schoolmasters, pastors. These men must be natives familiar with the language and modes of thought of the people. In 1879 the college was started, housed in a most primitive way and manned by Bishop McLean himself and two assistants. That year 30 students were in attendance. It would be impossible here to trace the heroic course of this college and its work in Prince Albert throughout the early years of its work, but every settler remembers how influential and far-reaching that work was.

When the University of Saskatchewan began lectures in 1909 it was realized that in the best interests of its work Emmanuel should be transferred to Saskatoon. In 1907 Archdeacon Lloyd was made principal. The college grew steadily in scope and influence. The corner-stone of the first part of the present building was laid in 1911 and was formally opened the following June. The enrolment increased during the two following years to such an extent that at the beginning of 1914 it was larger than that of any theological

college in Canada. Then came the war and practical disruption as every student who was physically fit joined up and left for overseas, where nine Emmanuel men made the supreme sacrifice. After the war came a long period of rebuilding and adjustment. In 1927 Canon Haslam was appointed principal and has remained in that position since. In 1929 the college celebrated its golden jubilee. This last year 47 students were enrolled.

The Lutheran College and Seminary which was established at Edmonton by action of the Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Manitoba and other provinces in 1913, was moved to Saskatoon in 1914. It was designed to be a training school for ministers for the Lutheran Church in western Canada. The first unit with which the institution was opened was a pro-seminary. In 1918 a regular high school department was added and in 1919 the theological seminary was begun. In 1924 the college was incorporated by act of the legislative assembly of Saskatchewan and authorized to confer degrees in theology. Since the opening of the seminary in 1919 23 ministers have gone out to serve the Evangelical Lutheran Church in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

The University of Saskatchewan; Walter C. Murray. These two are inseparably linked together—the institution and the builder. If it is true, and it is, that the building must exist in the mind of the architect before it can become a completed structure, it is just as true that the university of today must have existed in the mind of President Murray when he and his five carefully chosen aides climbed the stairs in the old Drinkle building on that September day in 1909 to meet in class for the first time students of the University of Saskatchewan. And it has come to pass as Dr. Murray doubtless saw it. Think of it—from five rooms in a downtown block to the splendid buildings on the university campus; from these five loyal lieutenants to a staff of 80 professors and some 200 instructors and lecturers, from an enrolment of 70 students to an enrolment now running toward 2,000! Are these figures eloquent? They are. But let us think rather of the 2,500 men and women upon whom degrees have been conferred by this university and of the 3,000 who have received certificates there and have gone out to help develop the province and the land.

The trickling stream has become a broad river carrying golden stores of light and knowledge to places beyond our ken. It is surely worthy of comment that of the five first men chosen by President

Murray to help build the University of Saskatchewan four are associated with him still. The fifth was with him too until the war drums beat in Europe and he went away to never come back. How the professors and teachers and students in our institutions of learning went away in 1914! From the university; from Emmanuel and St. Andrew's until the college halls were empty; from the collegiate institute too, mere youngsters though they were. And what a price they paid! But we have our memories.

Will any man take the figures we have quoted concerning the Saskatoon schools and colleges and university from the earliest days until now, take these figures, set them down and add them up and tell us the answer in terms of cleanliness and decency and civic righteousness and loyalty to land and flag?

## The Church



Much water has flowed under the bridge since that Sunday morning in 1887 when a number of young chaps met by appointment at the old stone house. They had stolen away from their elders with the intention of spending the day hunting wild ducks. They were about to set forth when a herald arrived with the news that a sky pilot had arrived from the east and would hold divine service that afternoon in town. The boys did not receive the news with great joy. The day was inviting and the prospect of sport was good. To give it up to attend a church service called for debate. The ensuing discussion became heated at times. It was, however, agreed to leave the issue to chance. They would odd or even for it; even to go on the duck hunt, odd to church. It turned out odd, but some declared that the game had been rigged. The discussion began all over again. This time they would draw cuts—the short straw would mean the duck hunt, the long straw church. The long straw won. And again there were protests and counter-protests.

Every chap was pledged to stand by the result of the next trial. The tailboard of the wagon was requisitioned. One side was damped by spitting upon it. Wet would go duck hunting, dry would go to church. The board was tossed into the air and came down dry! All hands piled into the wagon and to the tuneful strain of "Sweet Bye-and-Bye" set out to the first regular church service ever held in Saskatoon.

Rev. Mr. Hodgson, a Methodist student, had been assigned to this field for the summer months. There had, however, been frequent services prior to this. Mr. E. J. Wooldridge, one of our earliest settlers, had, two or three years previously, established a Sunday school at the home of Mr. Peter Latham where on Sunday evenings were wont to assemble a number of the young people for the study of the Bible. Frequently visiting ministers held service. These were chiefly missionaries or missionary executives, while others were min-



isters from the east who were interested in the work of the Temperance Colonization Society.

It was one of these who officiated at the first service ever held here. The meeting was held on the Louise grounds near to where Nutana Collegiate Institute now stands. It was held in the great temple of the outdoors with the sky for a ceiling and the sun for a lamp. The congregation sat about upon the grass. There was neither organ nor hymnbook. The preacher "lined" the hymns. This service stands out in the memory of the writer for the reason that during its progress Whitecap, chief of the Sioux at the Moose Woods reserve, strolled in. We can see him as if it were yesterday, curious to know the occasion of the gathering and, when told that the white people were worshipping the white man's God, standing with quiet dignity in respectful silence until the service was concluded. It should be emphasized that the Methodists were first in this district. Their first incumbent, Mr. Hodgson, was compelled to withdraw by reason of ill-health. He was followed by Mr. Wright who also was driven out by sickness, but practically without intermission that church was ever after represented here.

The first church structure in Saskatoon or Saskatoon district, was built in 1893 upon the site of the present Grace church with Rev. G. G. Bethell as the first ordained minister. This original church gave way in 1910 to a new structure, the Grace Sabbath school in which the congregation worshipped until 1928 when the present beautiful church-home was dedicated. In 1903 Third Avenue Methodist church was built, on a portion of the property now occupied by the Eaton store. It was there that the congregation worshipped until 1912 when the imposing church was erected at the corner of Third Avenue and Twenty-fourth Street. When the Union of 1925 took place there were three flourishing Methodist churches in the city.

It is a matter of record that the work of the church in the west kept exact step with the development of the country. The life-work of early missionaries reads like a romance. Among the earliest records mention is made of the activities of the Roman Catholic priests who were shortly followed by the representatives of the Anglican church. The Methodists and Presbyterians followed in this order. Not only did the pioneer missionaries minister to the Indians and halfbreeds, but also to the whites in far-flung places. In labors

they were abundant. They traveled by horseback, canoe, dog train and travois. Nor did they count their lives unto themselves.

From the report of the Home Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church in Canada as found in the record of proceedings come some most interesting and illuminating extracts regarding the work of the church in this particular district. Although it is not mentioned in these notes, it is an established fact that Mr. John Millar, a student-missionary, was the first of that denomination to hold regular services here. Mr. Millar, subsequently Rev. John Millar, M.A., D.D., after a most successful pulpit career became principal of St. Stephen's Theological College at Edmonton where he remained until his death January 30, 1930. In the earliest days, the presbytery of Brandon had oversight of the work here. As the country developed west and north, Regina presbytery took charge.

In 1886, we are told, there were in all this region roundabout three preaching places covering 54 families and with 22 communicants on the roll. The amount raised for stipend was \$100. In 1887 there were only two preaching places with an average attendance of 60. Five Sundays were supplied that year and the sum of \$23 was raised for missions. In 1890 this item appears: "Saskatoon is likely to become an important point in the future. Here the Regina and Prince Albert railway is to cross the Saskatchewan and as there is a good deal of farming land in the vicinity the settlement and town are sure to grow. A student is sent this spring, but all such points should be occupied by ordained men." Sounds quaint, does it not? Again 1891: "Saskatoon is numerically weak but there is a good prospect of growth." In 1892: "Saskatoon has not grown. The settlement is not thriving, and yet, 32 families, 16 single persons and 19 communicants are reported." And again in 1893: "Saskatoon is not growing. Efficient and acceptable service given by Queen's College Student Missionary Society. There are 17 families, 4 single persons and 20 communicants." J. R. Hutcheon, M.A., was the student-missionary that year. There were four preaching places, Saskatoon, Llewellyn, 10 miles distant; Alvena, 35 miles out, and Osler, 20 miles from here.

It will be observed that Saskatoon was slipping. Here is an interesting touch: "Total cost of field \$292.25. Amount contributed by field \$105. Cost to the College Association \$187.25. USE OF A PONY WAS ALSO GIVEN!" In 1899 Rev. S. G. Lawson served this field. On May 24, 1901, Rev. A. Little was inducted as regular

pastor. By way of contrast it is only necessary to point out that when Church Union took place there were in Saskatoon alone, to say nothing of the work in the vast territory covered by the foregoing notes, three most thriving Presbyterian churches.

Regarding the work of the Presbyterian church since 1925, we are indebted to the Rev. W. G. Brown, M.A., B.D., pastor of St. Andrew's, for the following information: "In the city of Saskatoon in 1925 there was just one mission called then the Mayfair congregation with around 100 scholars in the Sabbath school. This is now known as the Parkview congregation. At the present time there are Parkview and St. Andrew's congregations, each of which has built a new church, St. Andrew's also having built a new manse. The Mayfair mission also has a new church. Thornton mission worships in the school. The Sabbath schools have grown in the seven years from one to eight in number and the enrolment from around 100 to over 750, while the church membership has risen from less than 100 to 732 at the end of 1932. The work of the church is most encouraging and the prospects for future development were never brighter."

In the early days of this district there were not many Roman Catholic families and it is interesting to recall that as far back as 1883, services were held in the Kusch home, north of the city. Missionary priests passing through officiated. But it is more interesting to note that upon special occasions, as at Easter, members of the Roman Catholic church residing here traveled to Batoche, 60 miles away, in order to attend the services of their church. There they were ministered to by Rev. Father Moulin, beloved by people of all faiths who came within the range of his influence. Father Moulin deserves more than a passing reference. He was born in France in 1832, received the priesthood in 1857 and in the same year sailed for America. He arrived in the Red River Colony (Fort Garry) during the summer of 1858 having journeyed across the country of the Sioux Indians, who at the time were plundering and murdering all the travelers they met. After some months at St. Boniface he was sent to Isle-à-la-Crosse. From there he visited at times Carlton, Green Lake, St. Laurent and other points. It was his common custom to accompany the Indians and halfbreeds upon their buffalo hunts. From 1883 until 1914 he was in charge at Batoche. He was seriously wounded during the Riel Rebellion in 1885. Father Moulin died in 1920.

In 1902 regular Roman Catholic services were conducted in Dulmage hall on First Avenue with priests from Prince Albert in charge. In 1903 a little church was built on Spadina Crescent, the site of the St. Paul's of today, and Rev. Father Paille was installed as parish priest. In 1910 the needs of the steadily growing congregation were met by the erection of the present church structure, the corner stone of which was laid by Sir Wilfred Laurier, then premier of Canada. Today there are in the city three English-speaking Roman Catholic parishes, one French mission and one Ukrainian Catholic mission.

To Mr. George Horne, a lay-preacher, must go the credit of conducting the first church services of the Anglican order in Saskatoon. This was in 1887. With the removal of Mr. Horne these services were discontinued and were not resumed until 1894, '95 and '96 when a lay-preacher from Duck Lake did duty here. From that time until the turn of the century no Anglican services were held. In 1902 services were established in Dulmage hall. By the way, that old hall did much service in the earlier years. Church services, Masonic meetings, social gatherings of many sorts were held there. Who among the people of that time does not remember the dark and rickety stairway, the dingy walls, the smelly lamp which only feebly lighted up the gloomy interior? But it served its day. In 1902 a small church was built upon the site now occupied by the Travelers' block and the Rev. W. E. Edmunds was installed as rector. Mr. Edmunds was succeeded by the Rev. D. T. Davies, who died in England recently. Following Mr. Davies there came Rev. Canon E. B. Smith, under whose ministry, owing to the rapid growth of the city, the congregation outgrew its church-home. On September 2, 1912, the cornerstone of the beautiful church on Spadina Crescent was laid by His Royal Highness, the Duke of Connaught, who was at that time governor-general of Canada. The church was opened for divine worship in October, 1917. For a brief period following Rev. Canon Smith, Rev. Mr. Earp had charge of St. John's, the name by which this church is known. Meanwhile, owing to the expansion of church work in northern Saskatchewan, it became necessary to divide the Prince Albert diocese and constitute Saskatoon an independent diocese. This division was effected in January 1933. The Right Rev. W. T. Hallam was enthroned Bishop of Saskatoon and St. John's became specifically a cathedral. Canon Armitage became at the same time the first dean of this

cathedral. There are now three churches and four missions of the Anglican order in Saskatoon. Also there is St. Matthew's in Sutherland.

The Baptist denomination was not so early in the field as those already mentioned. It was not until the year 1902 that regular services were held. Again Dulmage hall was the place of meeting and the officiating ministers were missionaries. In 1904 a church was built on the corner of Third Avenue and Twenty-first Street. This building the congregation quickly outgrew; they built larger in 1908. Here they worshipped until they built their present pretentious church-home on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-fifth Street. The Rev. James Strahan is the present pastor. There is also a thriving congregation of this denomination on the west side of the city.

It will surprise no one to learn that the Salvation Army was on the job as soon as there was work to justify their existence here. In July, 1905, they held their first "open air" with two officers and four privates. The officers, Ensign Howcroft and Lieutenant Elliott were assisted in their early efforts by Captain Bone who happened to be here on furlough. During that fall the first Salvation Army hall was built. It was not until 1912 that the present citadel was erected. The Salvation Army band was formed in 1906. It was a weak affair compared to the present fine aggregation which not only leads the army services of song but plays in the parks, at the hospitals and many other places. From the very humble beginnings in 1905 the work of the army has developed with the growth of the city. There are now two corps, the Citadel Corps on the east side and another west of the C.N.R. tracks. Besides the regular Sunday services, which are well attended, army activities cover a wide field. In connection with the men's social department relief work is carried on and an employment bureau is maintained. Their lost and found bureau does fine work in tracking down persons who have strayed or have got out of touch with relatives and friends. There is a home for homeless single men. Their work among young girls and women is too well known to call for comment. The prison court work of the army in Saskatoon requires the entire time of nine regular officers, together with a large number of volunteers. Ensign Morrison is in charge of the Citadel Corps. Besides his regular duties, he is at present president of the Saskatoon Ministerial Association.

Of late years a number of other denominations have begun

work and are now doing their share in the development of the religious life of the city. We may rest assured that in the future as in the past the church will measure up to its responsibilities and opportunities.

## Game



"If Thou wilt make my skies as blue  
As those in Sicily,  
And make the little leaves that sleep  
On ev'ry budding tree,  
I promise not to vexen Thee  
That Thou should'st make eternally  
Heaven my home.  
But right contentedly  
A singing page I'll be  
Here in Thy springtime."

I do not know who wrote these lines—they were sent to me by one of the city's sweetest singers—but I fain would believe that the writer knew the prairie springtime of the long ago. When all nature was in tune, the trees bursting into bud and leaf; the prairie flowers rejoicing the heart of the lone traveler, their fragrance never wasted; the antelope standing guard upon yonder hill; the black-tail deer feeding in the further meadow which lavish nature has spread for them; the curlew calling as he dropped from the skies near to the traveler's camp; the piping of the snipe as he disported himself by yonder slough; the prairie chickens doing their dance of love upon the hillside; the timid sand hill crane always quick to elude the intruder; the night made musical by the whirl of myriad wings as the teal and the pintail sped their way to well-known summer haunts; and the honk honk of the Canada goose on his journey to the further north. And although for those who knew the prairie in its virgin glory—its boundlessness, its solitude so silent that it was eloquent and its children of petal, of feather and of fur which one came to know and love—something of this glory has departed, but it is so that it still has irresistible appeal. To those who have been caught in its embrace, neither city centre, nor mountain fastness, nor the forest's leafy carpet can have the same attraction.

To the sportsmen the prairie was a paradise. True, before the pioneer had come the buffalo had all but gone, the last great drive having taken place five years before his arrival. Only the thousands of buffalo runs all tending to or from the river, and the buffalo bones scattered broadcast upon the prairie were left to attest the uncounted numbers of the lordly herds that had made this region their home. Now and then one or two were sighted. In 1882, in what is now City Park, near to the river where the bridge crosses the gully, the last one seen in this immediate neighborhood was shot by a member of a survey party.

This writer never saw but four wild buffalo upon the plains. This was on a journey down the river from Medicine Hat. We hoped for a shot but were doomed to disappointment too bitter to describe when one of the party lost his head and fired while still out of range. But we did have the privilege of seeing them in flight. From time to time "The Star-Phoenix" has published pictures of whole trainloads of buffalo bones on the tracks here ready for shipment east. The Indians and halfbreeds used to gather them—chiefly southwest of the city. To such an extent was this work carried on for several years that the trail by which they went and came was known as the Bone Trail.

Antelope might be found almost anywhere, although, south and south-west were their favorite resorts, this probably for the two-fold reason that to the north of us the halfbreeds were always hot upon their trail and also because this animal has always seemed to love the open spaces best. In winter time they gathered in vast herds in the sandhills.

What beautiful things they are! It has been the writer's privilege many times to observe the various varieties of antelope which are native to South Africa and I am able to say with assurance that, though some of these are beautiful indeed, no one of them is more beautiful than our own western pronghorn. And just as the buffalo has been redeemed from extinction by the Canadian National Park system, it is good to be assured that there is no danger that this fairy of the prairie will be entirely lost to us.

It was south-west of here that the blacktail deer could be found in greatest numbers, although he might be met with almost anywhere. This may have been for the reason that from there he could most easily reach the sandhills, his winter retreat. No need to travel further when here he could find plenty of feed which was



exactly to his taste. And too, in this direction he was off the line of greatest travel. In 1884 the writer had occasion to visit the camp of Fred Blake, a surveyor, some 70 miles out. I hesitate to estimate the number of deer I saw upon that trip but it ran well into the hundreds.

It was only in the northland that the moose, the elk and the caribou were to be found in serious numbers. Indeed, I do not recall that I ever saw either elk or caribou in this near neighborhood. Out Pike Lake way near to the river an occasional moose might be found. By the way, I wonder if others remember that not so many years ago a wandering moose entered the city from the south, sauntered nonchalantly up through Mayfair and disappeared in a northwesterly direction.

In our earlier years we were not quite so particular about scientific differentiations as are the nimrods of today—a duck was a duck, and I am prone to think that under this very general term they tasted just as sweet as if we had carefully catalogued them. Of course, we did know that the teal and the pintail would be the first to win our welcome in the spring and would also be the first to leave us in the autumn. We knew that very shortly they would be followed by the canvas back and others and that all the members of the quack-quack family had arrived when the stately mallard had joined the summer colony. And I have no doubt that each of us had his favorite fry or stew or roast, although we were not so choosy as are some people nowadays. For myself, I felt that every demand had been met when a few, not too few, fat teal graced the board. This is my story and I will stick to it even though it would appear in the east that the last word in duckdom has been said when canvas back is featured on the menu. And there are other reasons why my fancy ran to the teal. To bring down, one-two, a brace of these little beggars as they cut the air at their terrific speed gave me a greater thrill than the dropping of any other duck that flies.

Then, too, as a lad I loved to locate a teal's nest, to observe Mrs. Teal during her nesting period and then, when the ducklings arrived to watch her at work getting her family to the nearest water. To get her little ones, no bigger than your thumb, afloat was a toilsome task. Every molehill was a mountain, every wagon track a canyon. Sometimes the mother was out ahead declaring to the lagging ones how smooth and easy the way really was, again, beside

them as if she would help them on, or behind them scolding like a little shrew. And the pride of her when, every Mount Everest surmounted, and every Grand Canyon negotiated, the fussy little mother set sail, with her brood about her, across the great sea which measured maybe a hundred yards from shore to shore.

In the early days, as now, ducks were more or less plentiful as the season was wet or dry, but I never remember the time when we could not go out and within a radius of a mile or so bring in all we wanted for the pot. The early settler never shot more than the pot would hold except to help a friend or neighbor out. There was no special sport in a duck-hunt; it was too easy. When in these later years I have seen the slaughter in which some so-called sports indulge, I have been filled with disgust.

I have been greatly interested in the activities of the Saskatchewan Game and Fish League. It has been doing splendid work for the conservation of our game birds. It deserves the support not only of those who love to go agunning but of those who love to hunt with the camera as well. It is to my lasting regret that in my early days the camera had not been brought to its present state of perfection. What pictures we could have made and what a story such pictures would have told. The multitude of birds, ducks or geese, in flight or rising from the water or preparing to alight. Upon occasion they were myriad.

We change with the years. Today I am for the camera as against the gun. I still love my roast or fry or savory stew, but I like the other fellow to handle the gun while I lurk about to snap them as I see them. Now don't tell me to give up my appetite or take up the gun again. Chicken in flight or on the stook or dancing on the hillside—what better picture could you have? You cannot eat your bird and have it, but the picture is an unfailing feast for the eye. Although I had no camera, there is one picture that is always mine. Memory has made it mine. When with the first light fall of snow the chickens took to the trees along the river bank. I have seen the trees from Clarence Avenue through to Idylwyld alive with them. Hundreds? What shall I say? Let me leave it as I've said it, the trees alive with them. And this always puzzled me because, as you are well aware, prairie chickens love the snow. In my earliest years the Minnesota chicken, or yellow-legs as it is commonly called, was not known hereabout. I am inclined to think that this bird came with the cultivation of the country. And here is a peculiar

thing, he hasn't multiplied. Having come, one would have thought he would have increased more rapidly in numbers, but it is not so. To see two or three flocks of these comparatively newcomers in a single season is about all that one can reckon on. I may be wrong but I do not think that there were more chicken throughout the country generally in the early days than there are now. If I am correct, and I think I am, it goes to prove that with rigid enforcement of the game laws this fine bird can be preserved indefinitely. Now please do not remind me that these chickens I have been talking about are all grouse.

No matter how hard pressed for grub I might be when upon the trail in the old days, and sometimes I was hard pressed indeed, I could never bring myself to shoot a curlew. They were never very plentiful and were chiefly found on the bald prairie where there was not a bush to be seen. Very rarely I have found their nests which were built in the grass and never far from water. Friendly? Yes, indeed. They would drop down beside one's camp just as day was darkening into night, flutter down it might better be described, for it always appeared to me as if they had never quite learned the trick of settling to earth. And their call always suggested to me that they had dropped in because they were lonely. As to their eating quality I know nothing for I never tasted one.

Nor were there ever very many snipe hereabout. Along the borders of the sloughs and lakes there were always some to be found and upon occasion when one wanted a dainty morsel for a meal the snipe exactly filled the pan.

Keep in mind that in our early years there were no storage plants, except the human variety, and that for this reason it was utterly useless to shoot ducks or geese beyond our immediate needs until the freeze-up. And when the freeze-up came it was here today and gone tomorrow with the birds. Therefore, it became snappy work to lay in a supply that would last us through the winter. But as a rule we succeeded at least to some extent. I look back now upon that old store room in which hung not only a generous supply of ducks and geese but also a carcass or two of venison, while in the bin in one corner of the room was deposited a jumper load of pickerel for which the Indians had fished through the ice. Chicken we were not particular about because they were always with us and could be had any time when our taste turned their way.

Jack rabbits? Yes, they were here and very plentiful but I do not recall that their meat was ever very popular. I remember that one night near the hay stacks I shot three which weighed about 33 pounds or an average of eleven pounds apiece. I think the dogs came in for the greater share of the meat.

The sandhill crane might be found almost anywhere if one could find him. For myself, I never had much luck. If the breaks were at all even, the crane almost always won. But when he flapped away without the loss of a feather I could always call after him, "I don't care anyhow for there are other birds I like a lot better." He never came back to say what he thought of me.

I need not remind my readers that the Hungarian partridge is a recent arrival in our midst and is an important and welcome addition to our exhaustive list of game birds. Long may he corkscrew! And while upon the subject of newcomers I have a suggestion to make to the Saskatchewan Game and Fish League. Is there any reason why Bob White should not be introduced into our already select company? I believe there is a mistaken idea that the quail is peculiarly a warm climate bird and that for this reason he would not do well upon the prairie. I remember how well he thrived in western Ontario where very often the cold was intense. I believe these little aristocrats of the bird family would do equally well here. And how they do multiply. I have known a single hen hatch out three broods in a season and the broods ran from seven to ten chicks each. Those who have shot quail will agree with me that they are great sport and excellent eating. It may be that even a suggestion is out of place in view of the fine work the league is doing, but I have the thought that these men who in past years have done so much to preserve our game and to make a sportsman of every gunman will receive the suggestion in the spirit in which it is thrown out.

Every game lover will watch with interest the game league's commendable attempt to introduce the pheasant into this province. They have a problem, it may be a difficult problem upon their hands, but there is no reason to suppose it cannot succeed. And if it does it will be one more reason why it should have the hearty support of our people in the splendid work it is doing.

And speaking of partridge again, I cannot recall that in my boyhood we ever saw wood partridge in this immediate district. I would not say they never were seen here for I may have missed

them but I hardly think so for I lived with a gun in my hands in those days. North and north-west of here is where they seemed to thrive. This probably for the reason that there was more timber there. But in later years we could always count on finding a few out in the Moon Lake district. They were good eating but poor sport, they were too easy.

Further south and east was better swan shooting than we ever had here. This I think can be accounted for by the fact that this regal bird demands larger bodies of water than we can boast. One hesitates to make a definite statement upon a point like this for the reason that from earliest days I have known every lake of any importance in all the north country and I do not recall the swans summered on any of these. They stopped for a few days on the prairie in the spring and then hopped directly to their breeding grounds in the far north.

At Pike Lake in the fall we could always get a few. We were never fussy about following them because the Canada goose could always be had and, as table decoration, was quite their equal. Speaking of the locale of the various game birds reminds me that in the Yorkton district the Canada goose was almost unknown. Why? Were we in the more direct line of travel between the Great Lakes and their nesting grounds? This matter of locale is to me one of the most interesting points in connection with the study of game-bird life.

When we think of the wealth of game with which the western country was enriched it would appear as though a kindly providence had made ready for the coming of the pioneers so that as they went about their task of winning the land, there should be meat in the storehouse. I am proud for the pioneers that while they used the bounty so richly bestowed they did not abuse these gifts. Would that all people might catch their spirit in this regard.

I must not fail to recall the story of Susan or Mother Goose as she was sometimes called. She was taken while still a gosling and quickly became domesticated as wild geese so readily do. She roamed at will about the barnyard and made her home in one corner of the barn. She followed the boss in and out, back and forth as though he needed oversight in his work. She was perfectly contented. But with the coming of spring there was a very apparent change. Susan became restless. Frequently she tested her wings as if for flight. She might be observed scanning the skies or with

head cocked as if listening for an expected call. One day, still far in the distance could be heard the honk-honk of the first arrived contingent of the goose colony. They came nearer, they passed almost overhead. Susan trembled with excitement and made strange noises in her throat, but she did not call aloud. This flock passed by and another came and went, and another, and another. Susan was almost pathetic in her excitement. Finally far in the distance could be sighted a V shaped company of honking travelers. Susan called a glad response, poised for flight and without a backward glance was gone to join her kind. Why did she not join the first flock or the next or the next? How did she know long before he was overhead that at last the one with which she would mate had come. What was the secret of her selection? Who shall say? Well, Susan was gone and, supposedly, for good. But when fall came around and the geese were returning south there was excitement in the barnyard. Susan had come back and the barnyard fowl were bidding her welcome. Nor had she come alone, she had brought her brood with her. They were exceedingly nervous at first but shortly mother goose led them into her old quarters and soon they were as tame and contented as she. I am almost ashamed to tell that one by one they disappeared—by the dinner table route—until only Susan was left. The next spring and fall, and the next and the next, Susan went and came. One spring she went but she did not come again. Why? Did she forget her old friends. Or was it that some Indian in the north laid her low to feed his papoose and squaw?

# Fur



I wonder if many of us realize the enormous figures into which Canada's annual fur catch runs. We read of the lonely trapper spending his winters in far off places upon the frontier and we think of him traversing his trap line gathering in the gains that have come to him by way of trap and gun, but it is doubtful if it comes home to us just what this great trade means in dollars and cents. The value of the catch in Saskatchewan alone in a normal year mounts up into the millions. And then there are the great fur-gathering agencies among which in all our history the Hudson's Bay Company has had first place.

In earlier years Prince Albert was one of this company's most important posts. At this point was assembled the tremendous catch gathered in from the fertile fur fields in the northland. It was sorted and baled for shipment overseas. To give some idea of the extent of the catch it is only necessary to say that upon one occasion when I was coming home from Qu'Appelle I encountered the carts carrying the furs to the nearest railway point. I was traveling about 25 miles a day; they were making approximately the same speed. It required three full days to pass their outfit. How many carts were there in that long procession? I cannot say, but there were surely hundreds. And the carts themselves are worthy of a word. They were the real Red River carts. To have found a piece of metal anywhere in their makeup would stamp them as counterfeit, nor had any axle among them ever known the luxury of axle grease.

Someone with imagination once wrote, "The Song of the Red River Cart." The very phrasing is suggestive for each cart had its own song just as has each canary and each cat. I believe I know where the crooner and the jazzhound got his inspiration and his tunefulness. From the rising of the sun until the going down of the same this procession ground its weary way along the trail playing squeak-squawk, squeak-squawk, squeak-squawk with variations until not only were one's teeth set on edge but one wished he had

not a tooth in his head. The carts were primitive indeed, but they carried goods worth a king's ransom—beaver, martin, ermine, fisher, mink, wolverine, fox, otter, indeed pelts of every animal peculiar to the north.

For the reason that there were many more Indians north of us than there were in this immediate vicinity, points like Batoche, Duck Lake and Prince Albert made better trading posts than did Saskatoon, but we got our share. We handled thousands of muskrats in a season, and it might be remarked in passing that in those days prime skins were valued at five cents at the most. I remember when in later years these same skins would have brought as high as a dollar each. Everywhere about in the earlier years there were sloughs that have since disappeared and with them have gone the hundreds of muskrat houses with which, in winter, they were bedecked. From late fall until far into the spring the Indians were busy with trap and gun in pursuit of the muskrat, which, however successful they might be in taking other animals, formed the backbone of their annual catch. Coyotes, skunks, badgers and the common red fox were very numerous. Timber wolves were not so many although in the course of a season they ran into worth-while figures.

Occasionally the wolves became very bold. One night toward midnight in the white moonlight of mid-winter, hearing the report of a rifle, I went to the door to see what had occasioned the shot. Archie Brown had just brought down a magnificent wolf which had been prowling about his shack. This occurred just off where Broadway now runs and in the very centre of such town as we could then boast. Another time we heard a snarling, snapping pack quarreling over the remains of a dead horse, the carcass of which had been pulled out upon the ice in the river. Securing our rifles we worked our way down through the trees to the river level and knocked down three of the seven wolves which were enjoying a feast. If I had been as good a shot as the others we would have had four at any rate.

The same Archie Brown had an amusing experience with a lone wolf upon one occasion when out repairing the government telegraph line. Archie was not carrying so much as a jackknife when he came upon a wolf sitting beside the trail. He thought to scare the wolf but the wolf did the scaring for as soon as Archie left the jumper the wolf came straight for him. Archie, deeming discretion the better part of valor, got back into the jumper, gave the wolf



as wide a berth as possible and proceeded to where he was going. This was either an aged or an injured wolf or one outlawed from the pack which was working on its own as best it could. But north in the more thickly timbered country and where the caribou, the elk and the moose afforded them a more easy living was where the wolves were most numerous.

This was exceedingly fine ground for the red fox. Where Saskatoon now stands the growth of wolf willows was very heavy. It was cut by three or four trails leading from the river in various directions. The willow grew so rank in many places that a man on horseback was completely hidden from view. The foxes seemed to like the soil and the shelter the willows gave. Also it was a great chicken resort so that their food supply was assured.

The place was infested with foxes. The writer was riding up the trail which led to where St. Paul's hospital now stands when he surprised a fox asleep in the road. The sudden spring of the frightened fox literally shocked the pony to death and as it dropped in its tracks the rider was thrown headlong and gathered himself to discover he had sustained a broken shoulder blade. It is a wonder he had not broken his neck. It was a common sport among the young chaps to catch a fox, place him in a barrel lying on its side, mount our ponies with rifles ready, have someone release the fox at a given word and follow him so far before shooting. It was fair enough for we always gave the fox a fair start. If he got clear away he won. Upon one occasion we were mounted, the word was given and the fox released. He made a spring out of the barrel and dropped dead. Evidently he did not enjoy the game as much as we did.

Wolverines were comparatively numerous out in the Moon Lake region and from there on up the river. Indeed two were found on Yorath Island. But not many wolverine hides were found in the trappers packs. He is almost impossible to trap and has the knack of concealing himself in a way that defies detection. Compared to most animals he is not prolific for which the hunter, and more particularly the trapper, has reason to be glad. When he gets on a trapper's trap-line he robs right and left while rarely, if ever, getting caught himself. Many a trapper has had to abandon a paying territory because the wolverine was always there before him. And he will do the most extraordinary things. I have known him in the absence of the owner to break into the trapper's shack and

carry off everything that was portable, axe, gun, blankets, kettles, things for which he could have no possible use carry them off and bury them. The why of it I have never heard explained except upon the ground of pure cursedness. His strength is prodigious. A friend of mine tells of seeing a wolverine shake a coyote as a terrier would shake a rat. Somewhere I have read that pound for pound he is seventy times as strong as an elephant. I have never personally encountered a female wolverine with her young, but often I have been told by Indians and other trappers of their ferocity. No animal in the West could inspire the same fearful respect.

I do not know why our otter is called the wood-otter for this animal is peculiarly aquatic in his habits. I have seen them on land and far from any important water, but I knew that they were trekking from one stream to another. And these migrations were always a mystery. I have talked by the hour with experienced trappers about the otter and his ways and the only explanation ever given for this frequent movement from one place to another was that the fishing where they had been was poor and they were on their way to where they hoped to find a better supply of their favorite food. Maybe this is so; I do not know. The otter was at once the most beautiful and the most valuable fur we bought and they never came in serious numbers.

Bears were more or less common, particularly all the way from here up to the Elbow. And here is a peculiar thing, the black and cinnamon cubs were never found in one litter. They seemed to be distinct species. So much was this so that the Indians feared the black bear not at all while for the cinnamon they had a most wholesome respect. And yet I think authorities agree that the black and cinnamon are simply color variation of one kind. Indeed I have been assured that a black and a cinnamon cub are commonly seen with one mother. It certainly was not the case here. So fearful were the Indians of the cinnamon bear that they could rarely be got to tackle one. Some have said that this was a superstitious fear and it may have been. To find a cinnamon pelt in an Indian's pack was an uncommon thing indeed. On the other hand, the half-breeds and the white trappers frequently brought them in. Speaking generally of the district, I would say that the cinnamon variety was more common than the black.

In a good season mink were taken in important numbers. Just what made a season "good" or "bad" for this prominent mem-

ber of the weasel family I do not know. During some seasons every trapper would make an exceedingly fine catch while in other seasons the packs would be scarce of them. Some trappers specialized in trapping mink for the reason that they were not difficult to take, they were always fairly numerous and it required less travel to get them and the market for them was generally good. An Indian named Poor Dog caught as many as one hundred in a season. Beaver Creek, through all its course, was one of the most prolific grounds for mink. This Poor Dog whom I have mentioned would sometimes spend the entire season on this stream alone. I need not describe this fur nor dilate upon its beauty. It is too well known to require comment.

I must not fail to speak of the lynx. Not that he is a pleasant subject or that his fur in the natural state is very beautiful. Indeed I do not think this fur is ever put upon the market until it is dyed. The hair is long and silky and lends itself admirably to some uses. In our earliest years he was always easily found hereabouts and was as easily taken by the trapper. He usually came in by the buck-shot route; or a trap baited with rabbit would turn the trick. He is an excellent swimmer and when hard pressed quickly takes to the water to escape the hunter. His feet are padded in a very peculiar way so that he can get about on snow drifts in which many a much lighter animal would inevitably sink. With the settling up of the country he has been driven back of course but in our early years he was very frequently seen.

The only reason I wish to give him special mention is because he one year made himself specially conspicuous. He seemed to be everywhere one went. His favorite haunt was the long grass along the borders of the sloughs. As men went about their haying activities they were apt to run upon him anywhere. Whether he heard them coming I cannot say but he certainly made no attempt to get away. The first intimation one had of his nearness was those glittering eyes, the lynx eyes, and the bared fangs. He is comparatively slow of foot which may have accounted for his making no apparent attempt to escape. But happy the haymaker if when he came upon Mr. Lynx, he had a pitchfork in his hand. He is a nasty brute with which to mix it in single-handed combat. Just why he was so conspicuous by his presence that one particular season is another of the mysteries. The season following, as I recall, he had dropped back again to average numbers.

In common with most parts of temperate America this in early days was the home of the beaver. It is late in the day for one to describe him or to tell of his habits. His ways are known to every Canadian school child. He is a fitting emblem on our flag. I am glad that Grey Owl by his life among the beaver family has done so much to acquaint us with the sweet and gentle side of his nature and his cunning, kindly ways. In early years beaver pelts came in in great numbers. At certain places along the Saskatchewan the beaver was very common. I wonder, by the way, whether or not the family which made its home at the mouth of Beaver Creek is still there. I hope so.

Rather than attempt to add anything more to what has already been written about this well-known rodent, I will content myself with telling of a near-tragedy in our early days of which the beaver was the innocent cause. When Captain Andrews brought a consignment of lumber down the river in '84 he brought along in the capacity of cook an aged halfbreed named Antoin Plante. We called him Andy. Andy in common with his kind had been a trapper and hunter. No man knew the "sign" better than he. On the way down the river his old heart was stirred by the "sign" of this animal or of that. When they reached the Elbow, Andy was thrilled by the number of "beaver sign" he saw. And he stored this recollection carefully away in the back of his head. Arrived here Andy became our cook, and could he cook. In his spare time he constructed a boat which we supposed he intended to use upon the river here. But that was not at all his intention. The boat was a tidy little craft with capacious lockers and every other equipment which Andy's ingenuity could devise. When at last the paint was dry upon her and she was all ship-shape he intimated to my brother that he proposed to have her taken to the Elbow from which point he would float down the river to Saskatoon, trapping beaver as he came. The men were appalled at the thought of such an undertaking by the old man and immediately vetoed his scheme. But Andy swore by all his saints that he would not loiter on the way down, but would simply set his traps at night and travel during the day. He begged so hard to be allowed to go that my brother gave way. When the freighters went out in the fall they carried the boat on one of the wagons while Andy, happy as a schoolboy, rode beside the driver. He took with him for company his pet dog. She was so small that she was called Petite. Arrived at the Elbow the freighters launched

the boat for the old man, saw him comfortably settled in his camp, wished him good luck and left him to his solitude and his trapping while they proceeded upon their way.

Andy did have luck. Beaver were plentiful and the old man knew the game with the result that from the first day he made a good catch. He had assured the men before they left him that he would not loiter but would trap his way down the river as rapidly as possible so as to arrive back home before the freeze-up. But he forgot his promise, forgot everything but the fact that he was having the time of his life. One morning he awoke to find the ice forming in the river. He was trapped. He was compelled to abandon his boat. He fashioned a rude toboggan from birch taken from the river bank, lashed upon it his belongings and began his weary tramp homeward, dragging his heavy load along the ice. His grub ran low and although he had his gun and plenty of snare wire in his kit it was an off season for rabbits and other game was singularly scarce. His stock of beaver meat ran out. Meanwhile, Petite had presented him with a family of puppies. The joy of the little mother, and of Andy in her joy, was short lived. But he shared his food with her until the last morsel was consumed. He was still many weary leagues from home and his strength was declining. He was forced to boil his beaver skins, scrape the hair off them and eat them. He killed the puppies and ate them. To save his own life he was compelled to kill and eat the little mother. He abandoned the toboggan and everything it contained except his blankets which he packed upon his back. Finally he had not sufficient strength to carry these; they were left behind. He had become a tottering wreck with only one impulse—to reach home. And so he struggled on. An Indian woman of the Moose Woods reserve upon driving her stock to drink at the waterhole in the ice on the river was startled to find the body of a man, apparently dead, lying face down beside the waterhole. She hurried back to the reserve for help. Andy, for it was he, was carried to Whitecap's house and such restoratives as were at hand were applied. An Indian rode with all possible speed to Saskatoon to summon Doctor Willoughby. It was several weeks before the old man could be brought to town. It was spring again before he could get out and about.



## The Indian



The expression "an Indian giver" has passed into a proverb, meaning one who gives to take back again. It is difficult to determine just why or where the expression originated. To those who knew the Indian it has no meaning whatever except to convey a wrong impression. The Indian is generous and gives lavishly, foolishly and without any thought of return. I have seen this illustrated scores of times. Upon the occasion of a visit by one whom they wish to honor, it is the Indian custom to present him with gifts. To do this they will frequently rob themselves of necessities such as blankets and other things essential to their own comfort. I have even known them to give away a pony which they could ill afford to spare. At the birth of a child they come with offerings for both mother and child—all sorts of things which they think will add to the joy of the mother and the well-being of the little one. I have thought that the poor mother could well dispense with these gifts, for their presentation is always preceded by a ceremony which to the white mind is not a happy one. The Indians surround the home of the new-made mother and, at a given signal, each man fires a gun-shot over the house. This fusilade is followed by another and another until all are convinced that the evil spirits have been frightened away and so effectively frightened that they will not venture to return. As they believe that the sooner this is done after the arrival of the babe the better for its welfare, one can readily imagine that to the young mother it is a nerve-racking experience.

In a general way of speaking, it may be said that the north-west Indian reacts in all cases pretty much as does his white neighbor. However primitive his home, he conducts his affairs on about the same lines as does the white man. Some are good providers, others are not so good. Some are energetic, others are lazy. Some have sound business instincts, others are naturally improvident. For the wives, some are good housekeepers, others are not. Some are clean, others are dirty. Some are mild-mannered and gentle,

others can "screw it" with any white sister in the land—and that's saying plenty, is it not?

Love of their children upon the part of both parents is a universal trait. And they have a way with children too. A word from an Indian father will bring a bad boy up standing. The sweet way in which an Indian mother can croon a fretful babe into quiet and rest, is remarkable. On the other hand, the respect of Indian children for their parents is deep and abiding.

The care of the Indians for their widowed, their poor, their aged, is worthy of emphasis. No member of the tribe is allowed to suffer if this suffering can be alleviated. On the reserve is a poor-house where are assembled those who have no immediate family to supply their needs or are for any reason incapable of looking out for themselves. Here they fare just as well as do their more fortunate neighbors, since all the able-bodied ones contribute to their necessities. And they do it gladly and generously.

They are sociable to a degree. In the summertime they love to gather in the shade by the waterway and talk of this and that. In the long winter evenings they visit in each others' homes. I am speaking now of the men rather than the women. Some four or five or six will gather in the home of a neighbor, and how they do gossip. It is rather kindly gossip, but it is gossip of the most approved variety. This is not to say that the women are averse to hanging over what takes the place of the white woman's fence and trading a tale or two. But the men are the gossips of the family. This may be because the women do most of the work and consequently have less idle time on their hands. The good man's job is for the most part finished when he has come in from his hunting.

To see the Indian's face in repose, one would not think that he dearly loves a joke, but he does. Nor does it matter much whether the joke is on him or the other fellow as long as there is a joke. And their laughter will ring out loud and merry when the dart has sped its course and found its mark. In the early days, one of the best known and most popular surveyors in this country was Major B. He was an officer in the corps of scouts in which I was a full private during the rebellion. It was the major's custom when convenient to spend a day here visiting my brother. On the occasion of one of his visits, the conversation turned upon the subject of scalping, and the major expressed the wish to know exactly how this delicate operation was performed. My brother assured him that

his wish would be gratified and sent me over to an encampment of Indians not far from the store to arrange for a demonstration. I explained fully what was required to one Poor Dog and impressed upon him that the demonstration was to be realistic. Poor Dog caught the idea and that night when we went to his teepee, he was awaiting us. When the introductions had been made and we had thrown ourselves down around the fire, the Indian, with a face that might have been molded in copper, produced a sheath knife and proceeded to make its already gleaming blade still sharper with the help of a stone and strop.

After he had taken time, plenty of time, to assure himself that the knife was right, he indicated that he was ready. He motioned Major B. to come close. As the major drew alongside, he seized him by his shock of iron-grey hair, jerked him down and, with a cry so blood-curdling that even those of us who were in on it were startled, he drew the back of the knife with one swift sweep around his scalp-lock.

The major let out a yell, sprang up and out of the teepee and ran for our home—ran so fast that although he was a big man and middle-aged, I, a youngster of no mean speed, could scarcely catch him up. And did the Indian enjoy it! Did all the Indians enjoy it! That story went the rounds among them for months. They thought it the joke of the year.

Now, here is a peculiar thing. Notwithstanding that the Indian lives so close to nature, it is the very rarest thing to see him make any attempt whatever to grow flowers or vines about his home. Recently I drove through a very extended reserve and not in one case did I see a single flower or vine or shrub. The houses stood out bare and desolate as on the day they were built. This may be because, since the lord and master does no work about the place, the squaw finds that with the care of the house, the family, the stock if any, the hauling and splitting of the stovewood, and other odd jobs, her hands are full. This explanation may be deemed by some anyhow to be sufficient. And this is odd: I have never known an Indian who could draw. One would suppose that with their exact knowledge of animals and birds peculiar to their country, here and there among them would be found one who could picture such animals or birds, or the plants they knew so well. Their attempts are grotesque. One would think they were caricatures. Have you not upon some holiday occasion when an encampment of In-



dians was assembled, seen their teepees decorated with animals—buffalo, deer, antelope? You would almost have to be told what the figures were meant to portray. This is the best they can do.

Almost every Indian I have ever known was a natural born gambler. It seems to be in their blood. Not only have they their own gambling games, but they very quickly learn those of the white man. No horse race is a race unless they have a bet on the result. They will gamble on anything into which enters the element of chance. Many a time I have known an Indian return to his home stripped of everything he possessed, to the very clothes from off his back. Other times I have known him return with everything his neighbors had possessed. But win, lose or draw, he took it as it came. It was all in the night's play. They are not good gamblers since, to the last man, they are plungers. I never saw one among them play "close." I do not believe they could be bears in any market. They are, by the very life they lead, uncalculating optimists.

No one can say with truth that the Indian is a sportsman as we understand the term. His training through the centuries has been all the other way. Their simple games are play rather than sport. Their trials of skill are for the purpose of bringing glory to the individual rather than for love of the trial. Their endurance often is simply to prove how brave and contemptuous of suffering they can be. During the rebellion I saw a Cree Indian come out and do a dance in the very face of the devastating fire of our troops, and he laughed as he died. This was simply to prove to his fellows how brave he could be.

Popular opinion to the contrary, the average Indian is not a good shot. True, he will with a given amount of ammunition, where all things are equal, bring in more game than the average white man. But he never takes a chance. It is to him a matter of business. Why shoot a duck on the wing when, with the same expenditure of powder and shot one can shoot into a flock of ducks sitting on the water and knock over three or four, or what have you. One of the best shots I have known in this country would bring home fewer birds than almost any man in his party. This for the simple reason that he was always trying the long or off shot. The hazard shot gave him his thrill. An Indian looking on would think this man a fool. "Wait until they light and then bag them all," the Indian would say.

Similarly in war. Why stand up and fight toe to toe when it is possible to steal upon the enemy and take him unawares? Make a charge: yes. But ride in to strike terror into the heart of the enemy; and ride out again as quickly as possible and with no unnecessary sacrifice of men. When the British troops went to Africa in the Boer War, the most difficult lesson for them to learn was to lie down. It "wasn't done." But the Boers did it and got away with it. Natural warfare. When the Great War came the British soldier had learned to take to cover. It has been said very truly that when the white man whipped the Indian, it was a battle; when the Indian whipped the white man, it was a massacre. There never was such a thing as a Custer massacre. When Custer went out to meet the Indians, he went out with the slogan, "There's no good Indian but a dead Indian." The Indians whipped him until his last man lay dead upon the field; and then refused to remove Custer's moccasins or boots because they honored him as a brave man though a poor general. That fight was as fair as any battle can ever be.

"The Indian never forgives, never forgets." Bosh! The Indian reacts in this regard exactly as does the white man. He can forgive and forget or he cannot forgive and forget, as he personally is constituted. I have known where an Indian has been done a wrong, a real wrong, without showing anything more than a natural resentment, without bearing any grudge whatever. On the other hand, I have known one show intense hatred because of a fancied slight. It all depends upon the individual. The Indian knows meanness, jealousy, envy, revenge, ingratitude. Or he knows bigness, forgiveness, gratitude. Just as the white man manifests one or other set of attributes, so does the Indian. There is only this difference; that whatever characteristic the Indian displays, he displays it in a more childish or childlike way. For it must be kept in mind that he is essentially a child. And he is the child of nature. He knows the things that nature teaches him and the things that nature taught his father and all his fathers. The things which have been handed down to him from the beginning. In some ways his mind has been enlarged above his fellows' while on the other hand he lacks the enlargement which can only come from the schools. For instance: he knows respect for his elders. From earliest infancy this is taught him. He grows up believing his elders know the things he does not know, can do the things he cannot do, and that it is only as he learns to know and do these things that he can become a man.

And so he sits at the feet of the elders and greedily takes of them the things which all his kind believe make for manhood. What more natural than that when he knows and can do things his forefathers knew and could do, he manifests a dignity that befits him like a well-fitting garment. For there is nothing to make against it. He is on a level with his kind. Only to the chief and his councillors does he show deference. Money is not the measuring rod. By the rules laid down in the code, he has measured up to the most exacting requirements and is therefore the quiet, unassuming, dignified individual you almost always find him.

The Indian is naturally honest. It is only when he comes in contact with the whites that he learns dishonesty. In the early days, before the influx of the white settlers, no Indian would think of picking up anything that did not belong to him. When traveling, no matter how hard he might be put to it, he would not break into another man's cache when he came across it. It was not his and that settled the matter. It is a sad commentary on the white man's teaching that from him the Indian has learned many things that have not been either to his credit or his advantage.

Much has been said and written about the Indian's ability in various sets of circumstances encountered upon the prairie, some of which is true and some of which is not true. I have traveled far and wide over this country in the early days with both whites and Indians, and I would rather have a good white companion any day than a good Indian. True there are certain things which the average Indian can do better than the average experienced white man. He can tell the time by the stars. I have tested them so often that it became a commonplace. Looking up in to a clear sky they would say, "Twelve o'clock" or "One o'clock" or "Two o'clock." Consult your watch if you had one and you would find the Indian right. They know the way of the stars. They can read the "sign" accurately. Come upon a cold camp and they would know what people had camped there, how many there were, when they had left and which way they had gone. Lose your horses and the Indian would follow their trail, for days if need be, where the average white man would never see a "sign." During the rebellion we had a bunch of horses run off from Fort Pitt. The Indians led us unerringly for more than four days upon the trail of the thieves. The white men in the party would have been helpless without them.

They can talk with any other Indian they meet and with many

a white man too, although neither may understand a single word of the other man's language. This is the sign language which seems to be universal among the Indians and comes in very useful upon occasion. Or by the same process they can speak to one another when out of range of each other's voice. When traveling in winter time they can take advantage of every slightest thing that plays in their favor. I have very frequently had occasion to be grateful that this is true.

But they can't stand the gaff like the white man can. They will quit where the white man would keep right on going. Of course it is only fair to say at once that man for man the white man is physically much the stronger of the two. But the fact remains nevertheless. And it is a poor white man of any experience who has not learned all the secrets of successful camp life. How to make himself as comfortable as possible under difficult conditions, how to build a fire when the wood is wet and the wind is wrong, how to pitch a camp on the bald prairie in a blizzard so that the frozen blasts shall have a minimum effect, how to favor his horses upon whose welfare his very life may depend; these and a score of other things the Indian knows from his earliest boyhood, but the experienced white man knows them too. And when he knows them, he is, as I have said, the better man of the two.

There is a seeming simplicity about the Indian which has many a time served him well, particularly in his dealings with the tender-foot. To illustrate: it is a common practice of the Indian trapper when he comes to the trading post with his catch in the spring, particularly if he does not know the trader well to try him before he makes a deal. He brings from underneath his blanket a skunk skin or fox or beaver and offers it for sale. Now, the trader knows that there are more skins where this one came from and he wants to secure the entire catch if he can. He bids more than the skin is really worth and the Indian trades. But he is careful to note how much tea, tobacco, powder or what have you he gets for the value placed upon the skin. If satisfied he brings in his entire catch and demands that the trader pay him upon the basis of the first deal. Nor can the trader raise the price of his goods to equalize things. The Indian has tried him out both ways. Foolish like a fox! In early days no Indian would trust any scales made. He bought entirely by the cup system. These were graduated copper cups, the largest of which was as big, say, as a gallon measure and scaled

down to one no bigger than an egg-cup. They fitted one into another and when packed they took up small space. No commodity was weighed but always measured. The Indian understood measurements for he had been trained to understand it; weights he did not understand and would not have.

I do not like the word "pagan" as applied to the worship of the Indians because it suggests idol-worship. No Indian I ever knew was an idol-worshipper. They worship a spirit. I have known an Indian to go apart for a day or two or even three, that he might be alone with the Great Spirit. In the case of a white man this would be called retreat or communion. And this explains why so easily the early missionary was able to lead the Indian into the Christian faith. And why so frequently he is found so devout.

I must not fail to speak of the curiosity of the Indian. He is as curious as an antelope. He wants to know why and to see the wheels go round. I can best convey my meaning by telling of the time I took John Littlecrow, a Sioux Indian, to the railway for the first time. We pulled into Moose Jaw at sundown on a late fall evening. Having seen our outfit safely put away, I repaired to what passed for a hotel in those days. The Indian was to follow me. When supper was called he had not arrived. Bedtime came and still he had not put in an appearance. I became anxious and went to the stable where I had left my horses only to be told that they knew nothing of his whereabouts. It did not take long to look around Moose Jaw as it then was, but nowhere could I get track of John. I then turned to the Mounted Police and we began to search in earnest. Finally he was located. It transpired that as we drove into town he had heard the yard engine puffing to and fro about its work. He had never seen a train nor an engine. With no thought of supper, he had left the stable as soon as the horses had been attended to and gone directly to the railway yards. Arrived there he had talked his way into the good graces of the engineer of the yard engine and had spent the time riding to and fro with him. His excitement at the experience was tremendous but his curiosity was even greater. How could water be converted into power and how was the power brought to bear upon the wheels and how much power was this that could drag a string of cars along with ease. These and a hundred other things he wanted to know of that engineer. I left him to his new experience nor do I know what, if at all, he got to bed that night. On our way home we called in at his

reserve. He told his people of this iron horse which on an iron road pulled a string of wagons, each wagon as big as a house. They told him he lied. He appealed to me and I confirmed his story. An old Indian turned a sorrowful look upon me and said, "Yellow-head, your tongue is as forked as John's."

## Law and Order



When we read of the reign of lawlessness in the United States, lawlessness which pervades every state, city, town and countryside from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Canadian border to the Gulf of Mexico, it may well be recalled that they are now reaping this unhappy harvest from seed sown 50 years ago. In the east they are reaping the "racket," in the west they are reaping the "bad man." Although the racketeer has jumped the Mississippi and is now disputing the "bad man's" right to reign where formerly he held undisputed sway. The Los Angeles Illustrated Daily News of June 15 speaks in this wise: "Despite all the investigations of special commissions, all the campaigns by societies, of organizations, official and non-official, organized crime continues to flourish in the United States at a rate hitherto unknown in any civilized or half-civilized country."

In view of conditions as they exist today it is interesting and instructive to contrast conditions in our North West Territories in the '80's with prevailing conditions immediately across the United States border in the same period. There lawlessness prevailed. Human life held lightly, gambling in its worst forms was openly allowed, vice was enthroned.

The writer remembers as a lad visiting towns across the border where the streets were lined with saloons, gambling houses and brothels and every man was a law unto himself. On this side it was very different. Towns were springing up along the C.P.R. and in the interior. To the south of us Qu'Appelle, Regina, Moose Jaw; to the west, Battleford; to the north, Prince Albert. In these centres vice was held in check, open gambling was stamped upon, there was no saloon. Law and order prevailed.

Wherein lay the difference? The Western States at that time were peculiarly American. Western Canada was peculiarly British. The day of the foreign-born had not arrived. Then as now they held the law in contempt, as we held the law in respect. Then as

now their laws were administered by cheap politicians and crooked police officers; our administration was clean. They got precisely the conditions they wanted; we got those we wanted. Their "bad man" only looked and sounded bad. These gentry made frequent trips up into this country bringing their reputations, their drooping moustaches, their long hair, their notched guns and everything. They would show us. But somewhere along the line the bad man was met by a lone rider in a red coat who simply crooked his finger and the bad man walked right up and ate out of his hand. He had experienced a sudden change of heart. But he never stayed in this country long. It was neither congenial nor healthy.

If these "bad men" whose names have been glorified by writers of western American stories, had lived on Canadian soil they would have been very ordinary individuals; they would have kept the law or lodged in prison cells; stayed their guns or danced on nothing.

From earliest days the law in this country was administered by the Hudson's Bay Company under their charter given by King Charles II. The wording of the charter in this connection is important. The company was to "make laws, impose penalties and punishments and to judge in all cases, civil and criminal, according to the laws of England."

There you have it in a word "ACCORDING TO THE LAWS OF ENGLAND." It always has been so that wherever the Union Jack has flown law and order have prevailed. This chiefly because of honest and just administration. The Indians learned that always they could expect a square deal from the Hudson's Bay Company. Punishment of offenders was sure and swift. The prairies were wide but there was no haven for the horsethief, the incendiary or the murderer. The company knew how to handle Indians just as the southerner today knows how to handle the colored man. When you read that the southerner is severe and unfair in his treatment of the negro, don't believe it. He is not only fair but for the most part kind. The negro will trust his southern "white boss" where he will repudiate an outsider. Similarly the Indian trusted the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company. This is proven by the fact that when other companies or independent traders tried to wean the Indians away from their allegiance to the old company they failed.

By the "Articles of Surrender" in 1869 the government of the N. W. Territories passed from the Hudson's Bay Company to the



Canadian government. At this time stipendiary magistrates were appointed with certain defined powers. Cases not covered by their jurisdiction, as for instance murder, were sent to the newly formed province of Manitoba for trial. It still was so that the country was singularly free from crime. By the North West Territories Act of 1873, 1875, 1877 provision was made for the appointment of a lieutenant-governor and council for the administration of the North West Territories. Subsequently, the stipendiary magistrates were raised to the status of judges and the four who sat upon the bench at that time constituted the Supreme Court. These four were Judges Richardson, before whom Riel was tried; Colonel MacLeod, of the North West Mounted Police; Wetmore, who was also first chancellor of the University of Saskatchewan; and Rouleau. Also justices of the peace and police magistrates were appointed. This order prevailed until the western provinces were formed in 1906 and the gradual development of our courts as we have them today.

Now swing back with me to the year 1873 when the North West Mounted Police, who have just celebrated their diamond jubilee, appear upon the stage. It was in that year that this force was formed. The move had been contemplated for some time as it was felt that the country must have some definite form of policing. It was expedited by the massacre of an encampment of Cree Indians in the Cypress Hills by a party of American settlers. The Indians had grown restive and there was fear for the lives of the scattered whites throughout the country. The force was formed in the east, proceeded west, and after a trip worthy of their finest traditions over the Dawson route they reached Fort Garry after the freeze-up. They were only 300 strong at that time but later their number was increased to well over 1,000 men. No need now to enlarge upon the splendid way in which the force has functioned, how from the western border of Manitoba through to the Yukon they kept the peace. They have compelled the admiration of the civilized world. Somewhere I ran across an old poem of sorts which reveals the spirit of the Mounties:

"Our mission is to plant the flag  
Of British freedom here,  
Restrain the lawless savage  
And protect the pioneer.  
And 'tis a proud and daring trust,  
To hold these vast domains

With but three hundred mounted men—  
The Riders of the Plains."

Their task in the early days was a terrific one, for not only must they keep the Indians in check but during the building of the C.P.R. they had to maintain order in the contractors' camps by controlling liquor sales and preventing fights and thieving among the men. They took an honorable part in quelling the Riel Rebellion and more than all, they maintained law and order when the rush of the early settlers was on. Each Mounted Police superintendent was by virtue of his office a police magistrate. Saskatoon was under the superintendency of F Division, stationed at Prince Albert where during all our earlier years superintendent, afterwards commissioner, Perry was in charge. And did Perry enforce the law! Life on the plains was free and easy in those days but woe betide the man, copper-colored or white, who got out of step. Perry only had a force of 100 men in his division, when it was up to strength, with which to patrol the immense territory, west until his men met the men of D Division out of Battleford, south to meet the men of Depot Division from Regina, east as far as Yorkton and north to aurora borealis. A detachment of this division was always stationed here.

The almost utter absence of crime in view of conditions existing at that time is amazing. So far as our own district is concerned there never was a major crime committed; not a major crime to mar the pages of our early life! Do you ask me why? First, and most important, the people were British and willed to be law abiding. And second, because the law was enforced to the letter with swift and sure punishment for the law-breaker.

We did have an attempted horse-stealing—pulled by one of these American lads to whom I have made reference. He had paid a visit to Prince Albert but did not enjoy the atmosphere there; the altitude was too high or something. On his return trip he picked up a bunch of horses belonging to Frank Clark, who lived eight miles north of town, and proceeded on his way. No sooner had word of the steal reached here than the hunt was on. The settlers rode east, south and west in an attempt to pick up the trail of "an American with a front tooth missing, riding a gray mule and driving a bunch of horses." Frank rode direct to the Elbow. He was sleeping close to the old Swift Current trail when about midnight he heard the pounding of horses' feet passing his camp. He saddled up and followed. The trail led into the Ver-

million Hills. Leaving his horse, Frank worked his way down into a hollow in the hills where he found the horses grazing, the American, with a front tooth missing, asleep with a gray mule tethered to his leg. When the man awoke he was looking down the barrel of a Winchester repeater. I would like to tell the rest of this story—Frank may tell it some day—but must content myself with saying that Frank brought back the horses.

In all the years that mail, express and passengers were carried on the various mail routes in this north-west country—Qu'Appelle to Prince Albert, Swift Current to Battleford, Battleford to Fort Pitt, Battleford to Edmonton—there occurred but one hold-up of a mail coach. This single exception took place on the Qu'Appelle to Prince Albert route between where Humboldt now stands and the Saskatchewan river. Jack Art was the driver. He had two passengers, a halfbreed and the late John Betts of Prince Albert. As they rounded a bluff close to which the trail ran a lone bandit stepped out and covered them. Speaking into the bluff he directed his non-existent companions to cover the 'breed and Betts, he would take care of the driver. It was not known until later that he was alone. To rifle the mail bags and express box was a short job. When he had finished he told Art to drive on. He disappeared into the bluff, came out the other side and rode off into the gathering dusk with some \$3,000 loot.

The police were quickly on the job but it was not until a year later that he was picked up. He turned out to be a ferryman from the river. After the robbery he had gone directly back to his job and busied himself ferrying to and fro the police who were searching for the thief. One day Jack Art passed that way and recognized his man. He was tried at Prince Albert, found guilty and given a sentence of seven years at Regina.

I simply must tell the sequel. He had only served some five years of his term when one day a minister came to the jail to give a message of hope to the prisoners. While the good man talked the bandit slipped into the minister's overcoat and clerical hat, jumped into his backboard and escaped across the border into the good old U.S.A. So ended the only hold-up ever experienced on our mail routes. Mr. Art's widow and several members of her family still live in Saskatoon.

Contrasted with the activities of the Plummer gang and other criminals in Montana, the murder, the thievery, the debauchery

there, our history seems hum-drum in the extreme does it not? Hum-drum, did I say? No! Decent and law-abiding. Worthy of the best British traditions. Unattractive only to the crook, the thief, the murderer. Then, as now, our people demanded law enforcement; then, as now, they looked with contempt and horror upon crime. The United States is reaping today exactly what it sowed 50 years ago. The year before last in an American city they had more than 58 murders to the 100,000 of population. No, it was not Chicago where they had 14 murders to the 100,000 of population, nor was it New York where they had seven murders to the 100,000 of population. It was a comparatively small city. But it means that to have kept up in the procession that year Saskatoon would have had to have 29 murder cases on its hands.

Now, what of our future? In the States they have 16 murders to one in England; they have twelve to one in Canada. Looks good, does it not? But does it? Let us rather ask ourselves why our record falls so lamentably far below that of England. That should be our concern. Are we gradually becoming Americanized? God forbid. The best thought in the United States is staggered by the conditions there. Nor do they know what to do about it. Last year no less a personage than General Pershing advocated a nation-wide vigilante committee! Think of a great people reduced to this extremity. Last year in the United States they had 300 kidnappings for ransom while the record reveals that Canada had but one. Not so bad for us. But in the British Isles there has never yet in all their history been a single case of kidnapping for ransom. That should be our ideal; that's our mark to shoot at. In the United States every fifth Protestant marriage is dissolved by divorce. Their statisticians declare that by 1940 there will be a divorce for every marriage. Can anything save a country when the home is gone? The flag will not save it. Nothing but a miracle will keep it on its feet. What about our own divorce record? Is it not increasing at an alarming rate? Let us not "point with pride" but let us rather observe the danger signals.

The United States will never be any better until they divorce their judiciary from politics. As every reader probably knows, judges in that country are for the most part elected which means that they are politicians and must give constant care to their political fences. There is always another election just ahead. They become part of a political machine. And human nature is human nature.

Let me ask this question: If a first-rate lawyer but a third-rate politician is running for office against a first-rate politician but a third-rate lawyer, which, think you, will be elected? The Supreme Court of the United States is appointed on nomination by the president and confirmation by Congress. Where can be found a finer body of men? Never since that court was constituted, so far as I know, has its rectitude been questioned. On the other hand, two years ago in the city of Los Angeles, a candidate for a judgeship was indicted for a double murder. While resting in the shadow of the gallows he polled a vote for judge that ran into many thousands. Think of it! And while that tragedy in human affairs was being enacted a visitor to Canada from that city returned home telling the people through the public press that he had visited a Canadian court and "found it funny!"

We today stand at the parting of the ways. If we declare to every foreigner who will not keep our laws that the "this way out" is always open, or if this suggestion does not suffice if he be helped out with a few swift kicks, no matter from whence he came; if we mete out stern justice to the law-breaker, no matter what his name or social position; if we keep always before us the fact that jails and penitentiaries were built for malefactors and do not give way to sickly sentiment; if we prove upon occasion that a gallows is easily and quickly reared, we can keep our country clean. The continuance of a clean, sane judiciary and a clean, alert police administration, backed by a clean law-abiding public opinion will assure to the children's children a heritage unsullied and unimpaired.